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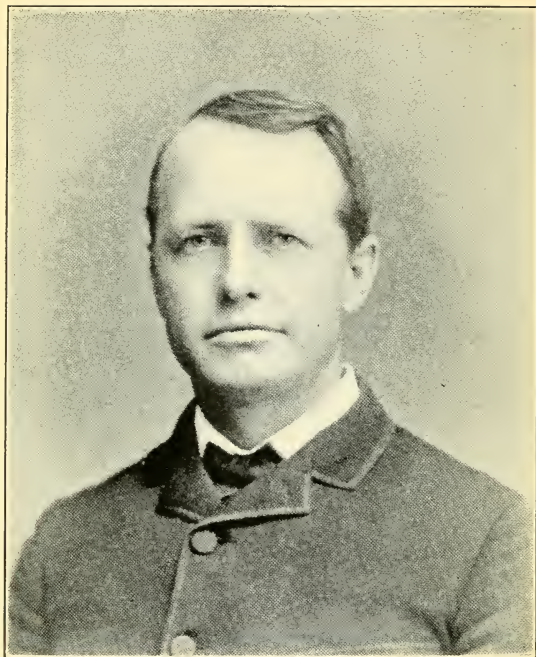
Edward Judson, interpreter
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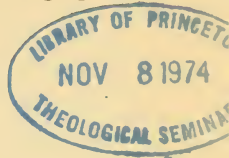
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EDWARD JUDSON
INTERPRETER OF GOD



EDWARD JUDSON
IN PRIME OF LIFE

EDWARD JUDSON
INTERPRETER OF GOD



By CHARLES HATCH SEARS, M. A., B. D.

Author of "The Redemption of the City"



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PREFACE

PERSONALITY, the richest gift of divine beneficence, cannot be described, it can only be felt. Could one who had felt the power of the personality of Edward Judson, and had seen the beauty of his character, do other than hesitate to tell the story of his life?

Attracted to New York by him, as a student working for six years under his direction at the Memorial Baptist Church, and for ten years associated with him in denominational undertakings, and having had the privilege of a close personal relationship, I have had somewhat exceptional opportunity to know his ideals, and to see something of his bitter struggles "to freeze his thoughts into metal." A world which is never too kindly to the ideal was none too responsive to the touch of this idealist; and Edward Judson was an artist, and would give his life rather than cheapen his art.

One has said of him that, "chivalrous and saintly, too fine-grained for the slums, he hacked away at the giant city even with his tempered razor, confident that in time God would bring down the tree." This beautiful tribute to his art and to his faith falls short of appreciating the very practical character of his life and work. He must not be presented as an idealist only, but as a student of affairs, and as the founder of an institution whose influence has been far-reaching.

Doctor Judson's daughters have requested that his life be treated in its public relationships, rather than in its more intimate personal relations. I am indebted to them for the use of Doctor Judson's files, from which the material of the book has been largely drawn; I am grateful also for the assistance of his faithful and long-time secretary, Dr. Frederick A. Vanderburgh, and for the kindly criticism of Dean Shailer Mathews, Dr. William M. Lawrence, and the Rev. C. Wallace Petty.

NEW YORK CITY, October, 1916.

CHARLES HATCH SEARS.

INTRODUCTION

THE life of a great man is a public heritage. However much such a life may have been built into institutions, its individual qualities are too dynamic to be lost. Souls always possess value not embodied in their corporate influence. Jesus is more than the church, Bernard of Clairvaux speaks through other channels than his fraternity.

All this is true of Edward Judson. Those of us who knew him honored him for his share in adjusting the denomination and a church to new conditions, but we drew faith from himself as a friend. Who can ever forget his smile and the exquisite camaraderie which made friendship more than a recognition of his leadership. The buoyancy of his spirit lifted us even when he himself must have been struggling with discouragement. Often, I fear, we failed to let him see how much he meant to us, and assumed too easily that he knew the warmth of our affection. But we have the heritage of his choice companionship.

The denomination to which Doctor Judson belonged is under great obligation to him for many services, but none of these to my mind quite equals his share in the transformation of what might have become mere sectarianism into an enthusiasm for the kingdom of God. He brought to the church life an extraordinary combination of spiritual and social vision. He dared believe that evangelicalism could be beautiful and humanitarian without losing its trust in God. A gentleman unafraid in any situation, he gave to everything he undertook a touch

of chivalry that was none the less human because it was born of an exquisite sense of beauty and divine love.

Mr. Sears' volume will help those of us who knew him to revive this personal influence, and it will serve to extend the range of those who may know him more intimately than could have been their fortune while he lived. With all its respect for the sanctities of private life, it brings its reader face to face with one who was a prince among friends as well as a leader in good works.

SHAILER MATHEWS.

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EDWARD JUDSON INTERPRETER OF GOD

I

EARLY LIFE

IN ancient days the Oriental numbered his sheep and counted his garments, for he thought that in them was his wealth. In modern days the Occidental registers his houses and lands and lists his stocks and bonds, thinking that in them is his wealth. The modern eugenicist says that in its child life is the nation's wealth. Ruskin, with deeper insight, declared "there is no wealth but life." Wealth consists not of houses and lands, not of stocks and bonds, not of gold and silver, nor indeed of undeveloped child life; but the greatest wealth is developed personality. *Wealth is personality*—the ultimate product.

As we see over the crimson-tinted Puget Sound the snow-capped Olympic Range standing against the golden gateway of the setting sun, or from Council Crest that trinity of mountain peaks—Ranier, Hood, and Baker—each piercing the clouds with its snow-capped peak, so some men stand out against the background of the mass of men. Such a man was Edward Judson, a developed personality—the flower of generations of Christian culture.

Edward Judson was the product of generations of sturdy stock. We may trace the family back seven

generations, to the time when William, the sire of the Judsons in America, came from Yorkshire, England, and with him his three sons, Joseph, Jeremiah, and Joshua, though Doctor Wayland, Adoniram Judson's biographer, seems to express some doubt as to the historical accuracy of this lineage. John, one of the eleven children of Joseph, lived at Concord and at Stratford. Jonathan, son of John Judson, the great-great-grandfather of Edward, was born in December, 1684. His son Elnathan, great-grandfather of Edward, was born on May 8, 1712. Adoniram, the father of Adoniram Judson the missionary, born in June, 1752, proved himself a man of striking virility. Yale conferred upon him the degree of bachelor of arts in 1775, and of master of arts in 1778. He died in November, 1826.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ADONIRAM JUDSON

Adoniram Judson, the father of Edward, was born in Malden, Massachusetts, on August 9, 1788. His extraordinary mental ability was evident while he was yet a very young child. When his father returned from a journey, his son of three years surprised him by reading a whole chapter from the Bible. As a boy he was of an inquisitive, experimental nature. At Brown University, which he entered at sixteen years of age, he won the hearty approbation of the president, who wrote to his father, commending the fine work of the son.

The Burmese Bible, translated by Adoniram Judson, is widely recognized as the great memorial of his life. This work particularly shows his notable linguistic and literary ability. The Burmese Bible occupies a place similar to that of the King James version in English literature. The Burmese dictionary, to which he gave the last years of his life, while not entirely completed by him, has proved to be an equally enduring monument.

His pedagogical ability was shown in his early teaching experience, but more in his training the young American missionaries and the native converts who were to become the chief reliance of the church in evangelizing Burma.

The prodigious amount of work which he accomplished in later life was largely due to his punctilious care of his health. One of his maxims was "Beware of that indolence which leads to neglect of bodily exercise." About the only form of exercise which he found practicable was walking. Mrs. Emily C. Judson, in one of her letters, says of her husband:

The good man works like a galley-slave; and really it quite distresses me sometimes, but he seems to get fat on it, so I try not to worry. He walks, or rather runs, like a boy over the hills, a mile or two every morning. . . It is this walking which is keeping him out of the grave.

To him care of his body meant not merely attention to exercise, but scrupulous cleanliness and careful diet.

There was in his make-up a delicate strain of humor which tended to soften his rather too rigid nature and to lighten the black clouds which settled all too frequently about him. This quality removed the tension from his life. So we find in his references to his horrible prison experiences a certain sense of grim humor in quoting a remark of a brutal jailer: "My son, be sure you have never wrung a rag so dry but another twist will bring another drop." We find him enjoining the young missionaries not to be "too ravenous to do good on board ship."

In Edward Judson's life of his father he refers to him as having the fresh heart of a boy at the age of sixty. He loved to romp with his children, and was characterized by his wife as an adept at "baby talk." Emily C. Judson refers to him as unconquerably youthful. She said: "He seems to have caught the elixir that keeps the

heart always young, to have drawn his very life-blood from that deep heart of existence which beats forever like a boy." ("Life of Emily C. Judson.")

He was both systematic and persistent, holding doggedly to a purpose to the very end; indeed, he said of himself that he had "a lust for finishing." If it is true, as Edward Judson was wont to say, that "It is poetry to begin and prose to continue," Adoniram Judson found poetry, or a touch of romance, in the finishing of a task.

Adoniram Judson had what we may call a sense of destiny, which impelled him to give himself to the uttermost. He gave himself to the mission cause, not for a day, but for a life. While finding satisfaction in the study of literature, especially that of the Burmese people, he would not allow himself to give his time to literary pursuits that did not directly relate to his work. He assumed certain important responsibilities from the government, but only because they contributed to his fundamental purpose, and then remitted to the missionary society his compensation, amounting to 5,200 rupees, or about \$2,000. He also turned over to the missionary society the avails of the presents which had been given to him, amounting to 2,000 additional rupees. At another time he voluntarily surrendered one-fourth of his salary because he had found that he could live in greater simplicity without requiring the full amount. Even this sacrifice did not restrain him from offering, under certain conditions, to make a further gift of one-tenth of his income. In 1829 he gave to the missionary society his personal fortune of 12,000 rupees, the avails of his own earnings as a teacher before he became a missionary, and the gifts of friends and relatives which he had allowed to accumulate at interest for a period of years. This voluntary surrender of all personal funds grew out of his religious faith.

Perhaps it was his complete devotion that led him into certain ascetic practices, though this asceticism was doubtless prompted by his sorrow and loneliness. During those eight years of solitude after the death of Ann Hasseltine, the first Mrs. Judson, he showed very pronounced tendencies toward asceticism. In this he did violence to his nature, which was perhaps more than normally social. His intimate associates regarded his genial disposition as one of his most marked characteristics.

His nature, naturally buoyant and hopeful, asserted itself even in the hour of death, and to the very end he was triumphant, except when racked by intense physical pain.

It is interesting to trace causes from known effects, as astronomers discovered the new planet Uranus from the influences which it exerted upon other heavenly bodies. We find the outstanding characteristics of the father reproduced in the son, though the father was denied any part in the training of his boy except during his early childhood. Account for it as we may, whether by hereditary influences, by the impression indelibly stamped upon the mind and heart of the young boy, or by that lifelong devotion of the son to the memory of the father, certain it is that the noble characteristics of the father found their counterpart in the life of the son.

CHARACTERISTICS OF SARAH B. JUDSON

Edward Judson's maternal heritage was rich, though he was denied the mother care which Mrs. Judson had lavished on her older son, George Dana Boardman. She was the daughter of Ralph and Abiah Hall, born November 4, 1803, the oldest of thirteen children. Her ability to read at the age of four was a true indication of her unusual intellectual power. 'As a child she was serious,

too serious perhaps. Denied the advantages of school training and forced to care for her brothers and sisters, she utilized her leisure hours for serious study. In her early teens she studied such books as Butler's "Analogy" and Paley's "Evidences," which were found in the curriculum of every college of that day. At the same period she wrote a friend:

Besides, I have been for six weeks past employed with a gentleman, upon the evidences of the soul's immortality, independent of the Scriptures.

The study of the life of Samuel J. Mills, who was associated with Adoniram Judson at the beginning of the American enterprise of foreign missions, was a determining factor in her life. On the death of Coleman, which occurred in Burma just as Sarah Hall was emerging into womanhood, she wrote a poem which attracted the attention of George Dana Boardman, who was looking forward to service as a missionary in Burma. This poem was read by its author at a missionary meeting attended by Ann Judson during her only visit to America.

Sarah Hall married Mr. Boardman on July 4, 1825, and sailed for India on the sixteenth of July. This was at the period of the Burmese war, which detained them for some months in India. We shall pass over the events of the life of Mrs. Boardman up to the death of her husband on February 11, 1831. On April 10, 1834, she was married to Adoniram Judson, and took up life in Moulmein.

As a teacher, her constructive work had gained the recognition of the British authorities. Upon her arrival at Moulmein they sought her service in the government schools of that city. She felt compelled to decline the offer. But the cooperation of the government in the mission schools secured by Mrs. Judson has

continued to this day. She had shown gifts for organization in the practical missionary work in which she actively engaged after the death of Doctor Boardman. It was as a linguist that her most distinctive missionary work was done after her marriage to Adoniram Judson. Her discriminating knowledge of the Burmese language was a delight to her husband, who was disposed to be critical in matters of language study. She was not only proficient in Burmese, but made a special study of the Peguan tongue, that the Peguan people might have tracts in their own tongue. Her translations include the New Testament and many of Adoniram Judson's writings in Peguan; the "Life of Christ," the "Pilgrim's Progress" (Vol. I), and many hymns in the Burmese. In her struggle against ill health and disease she showed an unfaltering will. Despite the handicap of a weakened body, she accomplished the enormous amount of work which was involved in the care of her six children and in her linguistic and missionary activities.

At the time of her death the editor of the "Mother's Journal" said: "She was of about middle stature, agreeable in her personal appearance, and witty in her manner." Her English friends described her as the "most finished and faultless specimen of an American woman that they had ever known." Adoniram Judson at the time of her death wrote to a friend:

I exceedingly regret that there is no portrait of the second, as of the first Mrs. Judson. Her soft blue eyes, her mild aspect, her lovely face, and elegant form have never been delineated on canvas. They must soon pass away from the memory, even of her children.—"*Life of Sarah B. Judson*," page 247.

It was the feeble cry of a puny boy that was raised in a missionary compound in Moulmein on December 27, 1844—the eighth little voice in that home, though two had already been hushed in the eternal silence.

That "infant crying for the light" was heard in a home whose joy was clouded by sickness and impending separation. The figure of grim death was there and but thinly veiled. On the twenty-sixth of April, four months later, the mother gave her last caress to the little infant, as, in a vain search for health, she set sail for America.

At the Judson Centennial in Boston, in 1914, Dr. Adoniram Judson, brother of Edward Judson, gave the following reminiscence of the journey of the father, mother, and three older children through the Indian Ocean. The experience left an impression on his responsive mind, which he recalled with joy, nearly three-score years later.

A long way the other side of St. Helena, when crossing the Indian Ocean, one night, when the wind had died away and the stars were out and the ship stood still in a calm, the family gathered on deck, and mother sang to the group, which included some of the sailors and officers of the ship.

The hymn was "The Star of Bethlehem". . .

The calm sea, the sweet voice, and the sky filled with bright stars made a scene not easily forgotten.—"*Judson Centennial Report*," page 45.

Such scenes brought invigoration. With the promise of restored health, Mrs. Judson decided to make the trip to America alone with her three children. It was then that she wrote the poem which has been recognized as one of the missionary classics, beginning, "We part on this green islet, love."

It was a false hope. On the evening of August 31 Mrs. Judson took final leave of her children. After the ship had come to anchor at St. Helena her life ebbed out. The little family was left motherless—the three on shipboard and the three in far-away Burma.

Our special interest is with the child in Moulmein, cared for by missionaries, quite unconscious of his loss.

Mrs. Sarah L. Smith, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Stevens, to whom Edward was entrusted, gives this interesting reminiscence :

When I was four years old, there was introduced into the home a little four-months-old boy, and placed in my mother's arms. I have a very distinct picture imprinted on my memory of Doctor Judson entering the door with the wee, puny little baby in his arms and handing him to my mother. Most faithfully and lovingly did she fulfil her trust. The poor little man had had a hard struggle for life, because of the serious condition of his mother's health before and after his birth. My mother had a baby of her own only a few months older, strong and happy and plump. She was convinced that the only way to save the life of baby Edward was to give him the chance that little Emma had enjoyed. The result justified her expectations. She had the joy of returning him to his father, two years later, in perfect health.

On November 29, 1846, when Edward was nearly two years of age, his father arrived in Moulmein with another, whom they were taught to call mother—Emily Chubbuck Judson—"Fanny Forester," the brilliant writer. Only two of the three children he had left were there to greet them; little Charles had died during his absence, but Edward was now strong and healthy, thanks to the self-sacrificing devotion of Mrs. Stevens.

A peculiar charm attaches to Edward Judson's early childhood, because it was spent in Moulmein, that city of permanent missionary interest, and in the home of the great pioneer missionary. Dr. Adoniram Judson, Edward Judson's brother, only a few weeks before his death in September, 1916, contributed this picture of life in the missionary compound in Moulmein :

CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES OF ADONIRAM B.
JUDSON, M. D.

One of the pleasures of old age is to recall and arrange in order the incidents of childhood. Mine would hardly be worth

the recording except from their relations to two well-known names, that of my father, Adoniram Judson, the first American missionary, and the loved and honored name of my youngest brother, Edward Judson, the eminent pastor and a pioneer in the missionary stations found at home in crowded cities. Edward and all his brothers and sisters were born at Moulmein, Burma. Extreme climatic conditions have given a bad reputation to that part of the world, where the sun's heat is intense and where the seasons change only from very wet to very dry. I do not recall the atmospheric conditions. Children are so intent on their, to them, important pursuits that they have no time to recognize the discomforts and inconveniences which try so severely the temper and health of adults. The daily heat is so severe that native Burmans in their childhood go without clothing, and in our more circumspect circles a single garment, often in the form of a "combination suit," was considered sufficient for children except on the rare occasions when we went away from home. Our simple raiment was specially suitable in the long wet season, when it was a pastime to occupy the rain-barrels and receive the torrents rushing down from the roofs. At other seasons an enclosure of dry sand provided for many happy hours spent in laboriously sifting the sand through a cane-bottom stool or chair in search of hidden buttons or small toys. Another diversion was to tie a string tightly around the lower ends of the "combination," and then fill it in from the top with sand till the little legs assumed a heroic size and locomotion was difficult, to say the least.

Day and night we were in the compound, which was a reservation about the size of a small city park, enclosed by a fence or bamboo hedge. Here were found the mission buildings and the families, each in its own home. I think none of the Burmans lived regularly in the mission compound. There were other compounds occupied in various ways. The governor's compound, the cantonments, and the resorts of resident merchants were, in our limited observation, little known and mysterious regions. In serious cases English physicians were sought, perhaps those connected with the military. Vaccination had not superseded inoculation. For one I vividly recall many a draught of decoction of Peruvian bark. Quinine had not been introduced.

The city spread over a wide extent with interesting bazaars, temples, pagodas, and one-story, highly inflammable thatched houses crowding on the narrow streets. Like other settlements

in the East, parts of the town were always new where large districts were frequently burnt over. When a conflagration started, father would take his spear, not unlike a bayonet fixed on a long handle, and be absent till the trouble was over. His mind was doubtless on the preservation of the mission property and the safety of his own and other missionary families.

Beyond the city, the country was more or less a jungle, still infested by destructive animals which sometimes strayed into the town. Two tigers, bent on exploration or prompted by appetite, prowled in as far as the jail, where they were met with opposition from a squad of soldiers. One of them escaped, and we heard that the other was dispatched in a scene of wild excitement. The next day he was mounted on a cart in a ferocious attitude and exhibited in the streets. The procession passed through our compound, entering by the gate near the river, and going out by the opposite gate, in the direction of the governor's compound, leaving the baptistry and the printing-house on the left, and our house, connected with the church by a covered path, on the right.

Each home had a cook-house, where rice and curry and other food were prepared. Like all children when permitted, we often visited the kitchen, where it was a fine thing to secure the burnt layers of rice in the bottom of the pot. One day we saw the cook-house go up in its own flames, leaving only its walls of brick. The house was built of wood, with wide verandas and surrounded by a row of banana trees, almost against the eaves. Each child claimed a tree and its fruit. A boy with a sharp knife could construct the stem of a gigantic banana leaf in imitation of a noisy regulation gun firing rapid volleys. A few grains of Indian corn planted as an experiment in a small round bed in the open of the compound proved a disappointment to father when some irresponsible animal devoured the tender blades at night. Father ate cake only after dipping a piece in a tumbler of water. He did this when in America in 1845, and probably explained his departure from ordinary custom by recalling the days when cake came from home dried hard on the long voyage.

Rooms were bounded by a low partition for ventilation and coolness. A *punka*, or swinging board, over the dinner-table served as a huge fan, moved by some one in control of a rope on the veranda. One day family prayer was made more serious than usual by a ceremony in which father changed my name

from Fenelon to Adoniram, probably from the failure of friends at home to appreciate his transient surrender to the meditations of the mystics. A day-school for the mission children was maintained, and Sunday saw little ones of all sizes at church, where the very small slept on mats. One Sunday I imitated father's gestures, and was afterward duly and deservedly punished.

I have a small photo, a gift of Rev. Sumner R. Vinton, which shows most vividly, as I remember them, the church with its detached belfry, under which was an enclosed space thickly crowded with a growth of rank foliage, and here was captured an enormous animal of the lizard kind, which excited general interest. We called it a "guano." In after years I learned it was doubtless an iguana, considered a fine table delicacy. In the shaded places at the sides of the church, overhung by an extension of the roof, native women on week-days carried on their weaving or winding of cotton threads. In imitation we set up a miniature loom in the shade of the covered pathway; the product was an inch or two of knotty ribbonlike goods of perhaps a finger's breadth. Father was interested in the inventive arts, and I recall his explaining that the construction of the handle of the teapot was partly wood to protect the hand from heat.

In the same shady places we watched the lion-ants, ferocious little mites, of cannibal tastes, whose method was to lie hidden in their pits till some helpless insect came down, unable to escape up the steep sides of the rolling sand. It was possible to draw one from his lair with his mandibles fixed in live bait tied to a hair. Varieties of animal life were abundant. A game of hide-and-seek was brought to a sudden close by the discovery of a gray scorpion on the floor of a hiding-place near a couple of small bare feet. We avoided not only scorpions, but also centipedes, which are said to prefer occupying shoes or slippers left empty overnight. But especially were we told to run home if we saw a man on the street with a knife in his hand, for a method of suicide was to rush forth, and slay right and left till volunteer champions arose to protect themselves and the community by precipitating the desired violent end. Whenever the cry of "amuck" was heard, a hush fell on the neighborhood, and every non-combatant hastened out of sight. We and whoever was with us were the first to run, and many were the false alarms. Our excursions out of the compound were limited.

Two or three of us strayed away, probably unattended and without permission, till we reached a temple, where we filled our aprons with small idols of burnt clay and arrived safely home with our new toys. It was an unwise thing to do, of course, but nothing came of it. Doubtless white youngsters were treated with indulgence by the inhabitants, most of whom were in general peaceable and kindly disposed.

It is related that Edward and his older brother Henry undertook to convert the heathen at one of the gates of the compound. Henry played a drum and Edward delivered the preachments, and a gentle rivalry continued through life as to which had been the more successful in keeping up the crowd of admiring pagans.

Edward Stevens put on record an incident in which Eddie Judson was the hero. It was one of the rare occasions when Doctor Judson addressed an audience in English. The audience was a row of little boys and girls on a long settee. The story runs :

“What was my surprise to observe Doctor Judson, instead of standing up, reading a passage of Scripture, and giving us a harangue, sit down in a chair in front of us and begin to tell us some of the wonders of creation. He told us that not only did the sun attract the earth, but the earth attracted the sun, and that the reason why objects thrown up into the air fell back again was because of the same force of gravitation. The elements of astronomy were a little too much for little Eddie Judson. He evidently felt that he had not been taken sufficiently into account. He became uneasy, and suddenly wriggled off his seat upon the floor before his father, and repeated with great emphasis :

“‘Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.’

“‘Well done,’ said his father, so Eddie clambered back into the seat. The recitation was a fitting interlude to our children’s meeting.”

How capricious is memory, to fill our pages with trifles, some of which perhaps might well have been omitted, and leave unrecorded father’s wise advice and the soft touch of a mother’s restraining arm. Did the morning come without a cheery word of welcome, and was there no sigh at the close of the

day? Did not the good-night kiss go from one little bed to another? When the heart was light, was there no witty jest with an answering smile from lips long ago turned to cold clay? Where was outlined the robed figure uttering strangely accented words and trembling with inspired eloquence? And where in that tropic heat was the gentle form bowed in prayer for the conversion of the dark sisters fondly stooping to kiss her pale hands? These fanciful creatures are not found in the realm of sober recollection, but in imagination. Fond memory is sadly wanting at such a time when the exercise of her gentle arts would have been most welcome.

Such were the scenes commonplace or picturesque in which my brother Edward first saw the light. It is related by a credible observer that he was but a wee mite, giving but little promise of coming ability mightily to stir the minds and hearts of men and women. Children of the missionaries in the far East have to be taken back home to the homeland to grow up, far away from their parents. The same is true in families of officials of the East India Company. It was early found that such offspring could not survive the climate conditions which apparently agreed so well with the native-born. When Doctor Judson took three to America he left three behind. A divided and scattered family presents the saddest and most perplexing problem of missionary life.

The following graphic pen-pictures of Edward's childhood surroundings are from a letter by Mrs. Emily C. Judson to a Utica friend. She refers to the house where they lived as a barnlike-looking structure, a mere board shanty as compared with the Utica houses. Describing the discomforts, she says:

I should tell you that Edward cried in the night last night, as he is not well. I sprang up to go to him. As I put my foot upon the floor it was black with ants, no uncommon thing. We are obliged to have our bedstead stand constantly in water. I do not know whether or not I should tell you how the frogs hop from my sleeves when I put them on and how the lizards drop from the ceiling to the table when we are eating. . . You would not need to be told that Moulmein is a beautiful place, if you could see it. To my eye there is nothing in a land of frosts to compare with it. . . The scenery around us is perfectly



MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON AND CHILDREN

charming, the hills are bristling with white and gilded pagodas. As you turn back upon the hills a scene unrivaled in picturesque beauty opens upon your view, and you involuntarily draw up in the middle of the street and stand erect in your stirrups. Here and there little houses like last year's haystacks are stuck down in groves of various kinds of trees, the palms, cocoa, orange, lime, and jack.

Moulmein was a cosmopolitan city—a prophecy perhaps of the environment in which, in New York City, Edward Judson was to do his work.

A portly, kinglike Mogul rolls by in his lumbering *gazzee*; a Jew, in his own peculiar costume, is wending his way to his merchandise, looking, poor fellow! little like a child of Abraham; the Chinaman toddles along in his high-toed shoes and silken trousers; the Indian from the other coast covers himself entirely with his white flowing drapery, making a very ghostlike appearance as he squats on the hillside, or glides along the street; the ugly Portuguese, aping the ungraceful English style of dress, jogs his way in clerklike fashion; and the Burman, with his checkered *patso* thrown over his shoulders and descending to his knees to protect him from the chill air of the morning, steps from the road, and stares admiringly, exclaiming meanwhile at the courage of the English ladies.—“*Life of Emily C. Judson*,” page 257.

But soon little Edward was taken to less attractive surroundings. It had long been the dream and passionate desire of Adoniram Judson to establish a mission in Rangoon, one hundred miles distant, which had resisted all missionary effort. On February 22, 1847, though advanced in years, with the courage of a pioneer, he moved his family to that interesting city.

The most comfortable quarters they could find in Rangoon Mrs. Judson described as “Bat Castle”:

Think of me in an immense brick house with rooms as large as the entire “loggery” (our center room is twice as large and has no window), and only one small window apiece. When I speak of windows, do not think I make any allusion to glass—of course not. The windows (holes) are closed by means of

heavy board or plank shutters, tinned over on the outside, as a preventive of fire. . .

The partitions are all of brick and very thick, and the door-sills are built up, so that I go over them at three or four steps; Henry mounts and falls off, and Edward gets on all fours and accomplishes the pass with more safety. The floor overhead is quite low, and the beams, which are frequent, afford shelter to thousands and thousands of bats. . .

The other night I awoke faint, with a feeling of suffocation, and without waiting to think, jumped out on the floor. You would have thought "Old Nick" himself had come after you, for, of course, you believe these firm friends of the ladies of the broomstick incipient imps. . .

Besides the bats, we are blessed with our full share of cockroaches, beetles, spiders, lizards, rats, ants, and mosquitoes. . . Only one cockroach has paid me a visit, but the neglect of these gentlemen has been fully made up by a company of black bugs about the size of the end of your little finger, nameless adventurers.—"*Life of Emily C. Judson,*" page 27of.

Because of the persecution of the natives they were unable to secure suitable food. This is Mrs. Judson's description of a dinner in Bat Castle:

As for living, I must own that I am within an inch of starvation, and poor little Henry says, when he sits down to the table, "I don't want any dinner, I wish we could go back to Moulmein." His father does better, for he never has a poor appetite. For a long time after we first came here we could get no bread at all; now we get a heavy, black, sour kind, for which we pay just three times as much as we did at Moulmein. . . Our milk is a mixture of buffalo's milk, water, and something else which we cannot make out. . . The butter we make from it is like lard with flakes of tallow. . .

I must tell you, however, of the grand dinner we had one day. "You must contrive and get something that mamma can eat," the doctor said to our Burmese purveyor; "she will starve to death." "What shall I get?" "Anything." "Anything?" "Anything!" Well, we did have a capital dinner, though we tried in vain to find out by the bones what it was. Henry said it was *touk-tahs*, a species of lizard, and I should have thought so too, if the little animal had been of a fleshy con-

sistence. Cook said he didn't know, but he grinned a horrible grin, which made my stomach heave a little, notwithstanding the deliciousness of the meal. In the evening we called Mr. Bazaarman. "What did we have for dinner to-day?" "Were they good?" "Excellent." A tremendous explosion of laughter, in which the cook from his dishroom joined as loud as he dared. "What were they?" "Rats."—*Life of Emily C. Judson*," page 276f.

To add to their desperate straits every member of the household was taken seriously ill, and at the same time the persecution was intensified. It seemed at one time that longer life would be denied little Edward.

Something is the matter with Edward. He was wakeful all night, and this morning he screams out suddenly when at his play as in pain, and runs to me as fast as he can. Poor little fellow! he cannot tell his trouble. . . He scarcely ever cries, yet screams seem forced from him as by a sudden blow. He runs to me, but recovers in a moment, and goes back to play. There is something very alarming in this, knowing the brave little fellow's disposition as I do.

But fortunately for Edward, the scene again changes. The missionary board at Boston withheld funds for the work at Rangoon. The surrender of this field was one of the most severe sacrifices of Adoniram Judson's life. The home was again established in Moulmein. There, on the twenty-fourth of December, another little life came into the household, that of Emily Frances.

EDWARD JUDSON'S FIRST PRAYER

One night Edward, who slept in a little room by himself, called out that he was afraid, and would not be comforted. I have never taught them a prayer to repeat, because I do not like the formality, but I assist them in discovering what they need, and then have them repeat the words after me. So I prayed with little Edward, kissed him good night, and left him apparently satisfied. Pretty soon, however, I heard him call out, in great distress, "O Dod!" The poor little fellow had not suf-

ficient acquaintance with the language to know what to say next, but this uplifting of the heart evidently relieved him, for in a few minutes after he again called out, "O Dod!" but in a tone much softened. I stepped to the door, but hesitated about entering. In a few moments he again repeated, "O Dod!" but in a tone so confiding that I thought that I had better go back to my room and leave him with his great Protector. I heard no more of him for some time, and when at last I went in, I found him on his knees fast asleep. He never fails now to remind me of asking "Dod to tate tare of him," if I neglect it, and I have never heard him say a word since of being afraid.—*"Life of Emily C. Judson,"* page 292.

The children found the father a delightful playmate :

I have to hold a meeting with the rising generation every evening, and that takes time. Henry can say, "Twinkle, Twinkle," all himself, and Edward can repeat it after his father. Giants of genius, paragons of erudition.—*"Life of Adoniram Judson,"* page 524.

The cloud which so frequently hung over Edward's home again settled, and from it again emerged the hand of death, but strength in weakness is revealed. The romance in the life of Adoniram Judson is finely shown by his inspiring words to Mrs. Judson just before he set out on his last voyage. She told him that it was the opinion of the missionaries that he could not recover.

"I know it is," he replied, "and I suppose they think me an old man, and imagine it is nothing for one like me to resign a life so full of trials. But I am not old—at least not in that sense; you know I am not. Oh, no man ever left this world with more inviting prospects, with brighter hopes, or warmer feelings. I am not tired of my work, neither am I tired of the world; yet when Christ calls me home I shall go with the gladness of a boy bounding away from his school."

In a last effort to restore his health, he was taken on board a French barge bound for Bordeaux. For four days Edward and his brothers saw their mother go out

each morning to visit the boat and return at night heart-broken, but at last the boat cleared the river and sailed out to sea, leaving the family in heartrending suspense for four months. On the twenty-eighth of August, as the nineteenth century had reached its very meridian, the word came that the father had passed away only two weeks after bidding his family farewell.

TO AMERICA

The whole future of Edward's life was determined by the decision made by his stepmother after her husband's death. At first it was her purpose to remain at her task, but because of the serious condition of her health she decided to return to America. On January 22, 1851, when Edward was in his seventh year, the little family group left Moulmein, never to return.

The long voyage brought strength to the mother and the ruddy glow of health to the yellow cheeks of the boys. The mother wrote from London, "The sallow cheeks of my children are aglow with English roses."

Leaving Liverpool on the twentieth of September on the *Canada*, they reached Boston early in October, 1851, where for the first time Edward saw his brothers Adoniram and Elnathan and his sister Abbie Ann. (Adoniram became a physician, and settled in New York City, where he attained distinction in orthopedic surgery. As a member of the Memorial Church, he was associated with his brother Edward for many years.)

The family circle was at once broken, for the mother's health was not equal to the care of all the children. Dr. and Mrs. Edward Bright, into whose home they had been received, assumed the care of Elnathan; Abbie Ann returned to her school in Philadelphia; Mrs. Judson's own daughter Emily and the two boys Henry and Edward went with their mother to Hamilton. But even

there they were denied the delights of home life and the continued care of a mother. The next winter was spent in Philadelphia and in Providence, where the mother assisted Doctor Wayland in the preparation of her husband's biography.

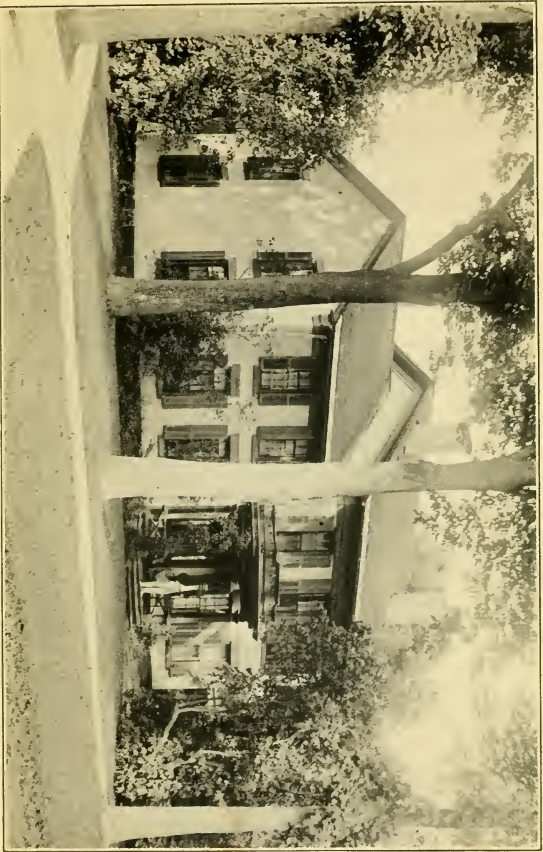
In the following June Mrs. Judson purchased a comfortable house in Hamilton, New York, where she might reunite her family. But the pleasures of home life were brief. Because of the rigors of the Hamilton climate, the next winter the mother was compelled to live in Philadelphia. She left the two boys, Edward and Henry, in Hamilton under the care of Mr. Osborne, a student in the university.

Edward Judson's life was still under her affectionate care. Her biographer says: "Her care extended to all points of manners, habits, mental and moral culture, while at the same time she studied carefully their diversities of temperament and cherished rather than repressed their buoyancy of spirits." The mother's pen was kept busy, not only in helping to write the memoirs of her illustrious husband, but in an effort to supplement their limited income.

Edward was a lovable, bright, active boy. These extracts from two letters from Mrs. Judson to Edward's older brothers, Adoniram and Elnathan, give evidence of Edward's rather remarkable promise and his early serious purpose. On November 17, 1853, she wrote:

The boys (Edward and Henry) really have but very little time to write, since the days are so short and they are obliged to be in school Saturday forenoon. They are doing nicely, especially Eddy. Mr. Buell says he is the best Latin scholar in the class, though it is mostly composed of full-grown gentlemen and ladies. They have commenced reading Cæsar, and do much better than I feared. Eddy is going to make a fine speaker. He is cheered every time he goes on the floor. Of course this is partly because he is a little fellow, but then he

MRS. JYDSON'S HOME





speaks surprisingly well. He is indeed a most promising child, not so much on account of his talents, which are great, but he has a large soul, a generous warm heart, and he is industrious, persevering, and brave. I do not think I have heard him say *can't* once since he has been in school.

In a letter of December ninth of the same year Mrs. Judson says:

Eddy had the honor to speak before the Philomathian Society, or rather at a public meeting of that Society, last evening. He was applauded vociferously by a crowded audience; not, of course, that he is a perfect orator in his babyhood, but he speaks remarkably well, and was the only boy in a society of young men. Sometimes I am afraid so much praise will hurt him, but he doesn't seem to mind it, takes it all in his honest, good-natured way as a matter of course. To-day closes the term. Eddy's report is perfect; Henry's not quite, but he has done very well. Did I ever tell you I had a hope Eddy is a Christian? I have cherished it secretly a long time; and now Eddy begins modestly to speak of it himself. He thinks he loves the Saviour; he wants to serve him. May the Holy Spirit turn all of his natural greatness, his talents, his industry, his indomitable perseverance, his largeness of soul into the Lord's treasury, and add the grains of true holiness.

In 1854, Edward's tenth year, the mother's health rapidly declined. Her literary work was laid aside forever. In June the end came. In no small degree was the life of Edward Judson shaped by this remarkable woman, in whom were blended a great wealth of affection, a breadth of culture, and a depth of religious devotion.

Edward was then an orphan. Association with his brothers and sisters was denied him, for they had to be separated. He was welcomed into the home of Rev. Ebenezer Dodge, professor in Madison University (now Colgate), of which he became president a few years later. His half-sister Emily was committed to the care

of Miss Ann Maria Anable. The other children were given comfortable though temporary homes.

During his years in the home of Doctor Dodge, a college president of the most noble type, beloved of every alumnus of Colgate University who came within his influence, Edward Judson received many influences which shaped his character and doubtless helped to determine his career. The Rev. Jonathan Bastow, classmate in academy and college, gives this interesting picture :

Doctor Dodge was proud of him and anxious to secure for him the best possible education. Mrs. Dodge was an excellent motherly woman of rare intelligence and kindness. She loved Edward very fondly, as there was no other child in the family. Edward had a smile in his boyhood days that was very charming. You could see that his whole soul was behind it. He had a loving disposition, a contented spirit, his life was full of joy and hope, and he expressed all that by the beautiful smiling countenance and his sweet tones of voice and gentle bearing.

Residents in Hamilton tell to this day how this youth of promise grew to strength of manhood in their village.

II

SCHOLAR, TEACHER, AND EDUCATOR

In the study of any noble outstanding life you can almost always discover in the background certain obscure personalities that have contributed largely to its splendor and efficiency; as a river owes the force of its current to secret springs nestling among the hills.—*Edward Judson.*

HOW many obscure personalities contributed to the efficiency of Edward Judson's life we may not know, but few lives have been touched by so many men and women of genius as was his. If to sit on the end of a log opposite Mark Hopkins was to touch influences like those of a university, what could daily fellowship with Ebenezer Dodge, in whose home Edward Judson was nurtured, have meant to the keenly sensitive youth?

The year before Edward Judson was brought to Hamilton, Doctor Dodge became Professor of Evidences of Revealed Religion in Madison (now Colgate) University and of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation in the Theological Seminary. He did not become president, the office in which he wielded his great life influence, until 1868, the year that Edward Judson was elected to a regular professorship in the same institution. Certain of Doctor Dodge's characteristics found their counterpart in Edward Judson. "From youth to age he was a good linguist," said Dr. William N. Clarke in his memorial address on Ebenezer Dodge. "His taste for books amounted to a hunger, and his taste for beauty to a thirst. . . He had a keen appreciation in art; he was an eager student of painting, of architecture, of antiquities. . . This fine pure taste leavened his life. His

whole bearing and influence illustrated the value of high tastes as an element in character. In spirit, as we all know, he was independent. Throughout his life he recognized and claimed that first right of intellectual manhood, the right of thinking for himself."

Edward Judson's aptness of expression may have been cultivated by Doctor Dodge, of whom Doctor Clarke said: "A certain Yankee shrewdness and native wit was added to all the rest, which often condensed his wise thought into a fine sententiousness. His accidental sayings were often terse and wise, like the Proverbs of Solomon." But above these characteristics Doctor Dodge was a man of sincere piety, and "Into all his thinking entered as a ruling element his reverence toward God and his spirituality of mind. He prayed, spoke, taught, lived, as a devout man, a child of God. . . The God of perfect goodness was a living reality in his own life. He was sure that this world was the world of God, and he never feared to trust it to his care and wisdom." Doctor Dodge was a towering personality. He knew how to impart his convictions to a growing youth. "His personality made his way and achieved his victories. He stood among us a man whose stature was the true symbol of his eminence, and the vigor of whose step pictured the force of his character." At the hand of such a master educator, Edward Judson received his informal training during his most plastic years.

Rev. Jonathan Bastow, a classmate, says:

When, on February 1, 1856, I entered the preparatory department of Madison University, it numbered forty-eight, with several students of rare ability; among them was Edward Judson, then twelve years of age, much younger than any other member of the class. He was not with us in all of his studies, the intention being not to press him too much with study on account of his youthfulness.

Having seen the rare linguistic ability of his father and mother and that Doctor Dodge loved language study and excelled in it, we are not surprised that Edward too showed marked ability as a linguist. "I remember particularly his rare ability in the languages," says Mr. Bastow.

He was as familiar, apparently, with the rules of the English grammar as with his alphabet. I remember when he began the study of Latin and Greek, he recited with exceedingly great accuracy. His translations were always clear and accurate. I shall never forget his analysis of a brief paragraph in Latin, which required a longer time than usually given a student in a recitation, being done so perfectly that it called forth an applause from the class. He thoroughly mastered all of his lessons in every department, but I think he was perhaps a little more accurate and at ease in the languages than in anything else.

Though Doctor Dodge was a professor in Madison University, it seems altogether fitting that he should have matriculated Edward at the close of his freshman year at Brown University, especially as Edward's father had graduated from Brown in 1807, his brother Elnathan in 1861, and his brother Adoniram in 1859.

Edward Judson's files have preserved the record of but one incident during his college course. That incident is illuminating. With others, he had incurred the displeasure of the faculty by signing a certain paper. As President Sears suspected that Edward was the leader in its circulation, he suspended him. He left Providence at once, and went to his aunt's at Plymouth, where he made his home during his college course. A classmate, in writing to him on January 9, 1864, makes this interesting comment on his refusal to sign some disavowal as demanded by the president:

This afternoon I spent at Professor Green's. Mrs. Green delivered your kind message to myself, expressed her gladness in

hearing from you, and said also that she had much more respect for you, not signing the paper, than for those who signed that important document with a mental reservation. So said the professor.

His college chum, Miner R. Deming, interviewed the president in Edward's behalf, but without his knowledge.

The doctor said that they were all pleased at the stand you have taken intellectually, but think that you like best to cut up and have a good time. I told him I was sorry they had such a poor appreciation of your character. I defended you as warmly and candidly as I knew how.

Edward Judson's standing in the student body is reflected by this observation of his friend: "The feeling through college is quite strong in favor of you. They talk of getting up a petition in your behalf in the senior class and also in ours." This incident, so characteristic of student bodies, reflects the same attitude: "The fellows inquire after you every day. This morning Professor Green called your name. Although it was quite unexpected, it created an instantaneous and respectable stamp." These incidents are cited to show Edward Judson's innate independence of spirit, his standing as a student, and, incidentally, his popularity with his fellows. In college, as in later life, he was always a man. Whether in camp, or tent, or committee conference, he stood under his own burden and never leaned upon another.

Edward Judson was graduated with the degree of bachelor of arts on September 6, 1865. He was chosen to deliver the classical oration, taking for his theme, "The Myth of Prometheus Vincit." By his scholarship he won a coveted Phi Beta Kappa key.

He accepted the principalship of Leland and Gray Seminary at Townshend, Vermont, where he served with marked success for two years. In later years he

had delight in telling how a farmer, mistaking him for one of the boys in the school, called out, "Here, bub, help me load this grain." Though youthful in appearance, this letter written to his sister in April, 1867, reflects the trend of his thought and his very serious purpose at the time.

I am sadly undecided as to my future course of life. I think I have gleaned all the benefits which accrue from teaching in *Townshend*, and perhaps from teaching *anywhere*. In fact, strange as it may seem, teaching is losing its charm for me. I feel the more sad in view of this discontent, because I feel as if I had as good a chance of doing good by teaching here as by engaging in any other profession. My school is a kind of little church and congregation, and made up too, of persons of such an age that they can be most easily impressed by the subject of religion. We have two prayer-meetings a week, one on Wednesday evening and one on Monday evening. So that every term there are several conversions, and sometimes we have extensive revivals, in which almost all the unconverted in school are turned to God. . .

In view of these things I have a growing conviction that as the conversion of sinners is the noblest business of life, I could not accomplish any more good by directly becoming a minister than I can by remaining a teacher and yet do some *pastoral* work. Connect with this growing conviction my growing discontent in the business of teaching, and you can gain some idea of the distracted and restless state of mind which I indulge in. . . One of the bitterest curses of life is the fact that we are called on to make the most important decisions—decisions which involve our whole future happiness, just at that time of life when we have the least experience.

After his retirement from this school he entered the theological department of Madison University, in the fall of 1867, but remained for a few weeks only, when he became Instructor in Languages in the university. In 1868 he became Professor of Latin and Modern Languages. This brought him into close association with Doctor Dodge, who in the same year was elected to the presidency. In this position Edward Judson's tastes as

a linguist had free scope. Colgate men of that period are enthusiastic in speaking of Professor Judson as a teacher of Latin.

He was following the line of least resistance. By hereditary tendency, by early training, and by choice he was a linguist and as naturally a teacher. But there was another inherited trait which was dominant. His soul was of the heroic type. For Edward Judson the line of least resistance was the line most to be resisted. He instinctively took the hard and rugged way. During this professorship he was accustomed to preach in schoolhouses and in neighboring churches. Some of these early sermons are still preserved. It was during this time that he began to apply to Bible study his skill as a linguist. From that time almost to the day of his death it was his custom to read daily a portion of the Old Testament and a portion of the New Testament in two or more languages and in systematic course so as to cover the entire Old Testament once and the New Testament twice during each year. A much worn Bible, that is now among the cherished possessions of the writer, gives a record of these readings from 1877 down to Monday, October nineteenth, preceding his death on Friday the twenty-third. The record shows that these readings were in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, and English. One of the writer's delightful recollections of association with Doctor Judson concerns a Sunday morning in September, 1912, when, in camp on an island in the center of Tomogami Lake in the heart of the Canadian woods where man's hand had made neither road nor clearing, Doctor Judson read aloud in Hebrew and translated into English while the writer followed a Latin translation.

It was during the period of his residence in Hamilton that he married Antoinette Barstow, the daughter of the

Rev. Charles Barstow, a Congregational pastor then located at Lebanon, New York, seven miles from Hamilton.

In 1874, Professor Judson resigned his professorship, and with Mrs. Judson sailed for Europe for a year of study and travel. While they were abroad the North Orange Baptist Church, one of the churches known in that day, as in this, for its culture, its wide educational and missionary outlook, and for its general strength and aggressiveness, called him as its pastor.

While he resigned his professorship and became a pastor, he did not cease to be a scholar and a teacher. He carried his scholarly habits into the pastorate, and never ceased to be a teacher, though he had become pastor and preacher.

He took particular pleasure, as did his father, in training young men. His connection with educational institutions gave him a greater opportunity for such influence than his father ever had. To the close of his life he was accustomed to invite groups of young ministers to his study one morning each week for homiletical work. He required only that each of the group should preach in his own pulpit the sermon which all had helped to shape.

He continued his scholarly pursuits to the end of his life, though in later years his exacting responsibilities limited his opportunity. He found daily Bible study a superb field for a comparative language study. He was a careful student of English literature, particularly of the poets, and as he had opportunity he took courses in university classrooms. Late in life he took lectures in Hebrew at Union Theological Seminary, and a course in the Minor Prophets in Hebrew at Chicago University. His university courses included studies in Sociology and History at Columbia and New York Universities. The

example he set in taking postgraduate study, though beset by clamorous duties, led other ministers to pursue similar courses. The writer is grateful for such an influence in his own life.

Doctor Judson's desire for definite teaching in college or seminary would not down. During his ministry at North Orange and the early years of his life in New York City, he denied the impulse, but when, in 1897, he was invited to act as Instructor in Pastoral Theology in the Theological Seminary of Colgate University, he yielded. During the winter term he gave lectures on "Church Organizations and Work and Pastoral Duties," but preached in his own pulpit on Sundays. He was the more willing to do this because it brought some financial relief to the Memorial Church which, from about that time until the day of his death, presented financial problems difficult to meet.

The welcome which he received in Hamilton is fittingly expressed by his friend, Dr. William N. Clarke:

You will be welcome to our fellowship and affection, and an open door of useful service will be before you here. I shall personally enjoy having you near, for it will give me a fresh sense of present fellowship that will be grateful to my heart.

Edward Judson gave this charming picture of the home which at that time he established in Hamilton:

I have a rambling old frame house up in Hamilton—a kind of shell into which I can withdraw when I grow old. It is pleasant to have a little place to which to retire when New York has little by little squeezed the juice out of me like an orange, leaving nothing but the acrid rind. In front of the house is a pretty little lawn, and back of it a yard, where stand some ancient apple trees, and back of all is an old ramshackle barn, where the pigeons make their nests. Now these old apple trees are very interesting. In the early spring they seem dead. The boughs and twigs are bare, but after a little while

there come leaf-buds; these unfold, and the trees are clothed with leaves. Then the beautiful blossoms, then the falling of the petals, and then is left the tiny green fruit. The leaf always comes first, then the blossom, then the fruit.

He once found himself an intruder in his own home :

In the early summer, a robin came and built her nest in the porch of my little country cottage. The place had been left unoccupied during the winter and spring. When I discovered her advent, I was much pleased that she had chosen my little house for her home. She had already laid four eggs in her nest—the hostages of fortune. I began at once to form plans for cooperating with her domestic economy. There soon would be four great yellow mouths wide open and clamorous for nourishment. I would put food close at hand. The mother bird would not have to make long and laborious foraging expeditions. What do you suppose that robin did? Directly she became aware of my return she deserted her nest. Nothing would bring her back. She sat in a near-by tree, sullen and suspicious, and allowed her nest with all its precious freight to lapse into ruin. She would not trust me, so I could do nothing for her. Poor human nature finds it just as hard to trust God, and yet we shall never learn to love him, except as we acquiesce in a relation of perfect dependence upon him, so that he shall have his way through us.—*An extract from a sermon.*

Doctor Judson's ability as teacher was soon recognized in a signal manner by three strong educational institutions. By each of these recognitions he was compelled to make a decision quite as difficult as when he relinquished teaching to go into the Christian ministry, or when he surrendered his protected pastorate in North Orange to devote himself to social missionary service in lower New York with neither adequate personal support nor equipment for his work.

During the academic year ending in June, 1898, he was earnestly sought as president of Brown University, his *alma mater*, and also by Colgate University.

In July, 1898, a member of the faculty of Brown University wrote:

And *the one thing* that I desire for the future, as I have desired it and have expressed my desire for years, from before Doctor Robinson's resignation, is that you shall be the president of Brown University. I believe that you and the position have been preparing for each other. I want to tell you that a host of people will rejoice to have you here. I know the faculty, and I am sure that you will have their cordial and earnest support. The alumni will give you hearty welcome; and I am sure that no man can expect so much from them as you may be justified in expecting. I don't desire to see your great work in New York suffer, but I hope that the time has come when it will not be imperiled if you can lay it on others and come over to a great work here.

That strong pressure was brought to bear upon him not only by the faculty, but also by the members of the corporation, is evident from the following letter from a prominent member of that body under date of the same year:

I am in receipt of your kind letter of the eleventh, and am filled with disappointment at its contents. I have sent it to Doctor Hovey, the chairman of our committee, who will reply direct. In the meantime, I wish I could see some ray of hope in the direction the entire corporation and faculty of Brown University have been looking.

I, with others, have had my heart set on seeing you at the head of that university, especially during the time that my own boys are being educated there, but if it is not to be, it is not. If you are open to argument, however, I could give you many reasons why you should not turn this down.

Another member of the corporation, who had written earlier in the year, wrote, "I beg you to come to Brown."

He was as earnestly sought for the presidency of Colgate University during the latter part of the academic year of 1898. The following memorial was presented by the members of the university faculty:

To the Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., New York:

The undersigned, members of the faculty of Colgate University, do most sincerely and urgently request that you will favorably consider the overtures made to you by our trustees, with reference to your becoming our president. We are of one mind in the desire that you may become president of Colgate University, and in support of this desire and request we would urge the following considerations:

We are convinced that you have exceptional power to unite the working forces of the university, including trustees, faculty, and students, and at the same time to represent and commend us abroad, and hold the favor and support of our friends everywhere.

We plainly see that there is ample work for you here, worthy of your best abilities and offering large opportunities of usefulness. A noble service, both educational and religious, awaits you if you come to us.

Our call to you is the expression of a real need, for we are suffering for want of an executive head, and are certain henceforth to suffer still more if we do not obtain one; and we see in you the man that we want.

For these reasons we wish you to come to us, and we trust that in all this you may see providential indications of your duty. Sincerely hoping for a favorable result, we are, etc.

This was signed by every member of the faculty except three; two of these were absent and the third had resigned, but two of these three sent personal letters. One member of the faculty, eminent in his department, wrote under date of May first:

Will you permit me to tell you in a more private and personal way how genuine and cordial is the petition which has come to you from the members of our faculty. The unsettled conditions of the past years press home the demand for a head, not less for aggressive administration than that his presence and spirit may filter down through all that share the life of the university. You would be such a president. In the utmost sincerity and freedom, may I tell you this. Your knowledge of our history, your love of this place, your gentleness, toleration, and firmness, and the universal respect of the churches of our name for you, fit you for us in a singular way. I do not know

of any one to whom the faculty turn with so much harmony as to you.

The following letter from Dr. William N. Clarke reflects the intimacy of the two men, and makes it quite clear that many of Doctor Judson's friends felt that he, Mrs. Judson, and their daughters had filled to the full the measure of their sacrifice and that he ought in his last years to devote himself to work that would be less rigorous in its demands.

The period of heaviest sacrifice in your enterprise in New York is now past. The heaviest of the sacrifice of that period has been made by you and by your family. No one else has sacrificed anything like as much as you and your wife and children. To a friend and lover outside, it looks as if enough had gone from that quarter into the enterprise, or at least as if you four would be justified in taking up some other worthy service, and trusting that enterprise to other hands. Some one else will have to take it by and by, as a matter of course, and to me it seems that now is the time.

Besides, we want you, just you yourself, and not another. So come along, and give us your hand, and do us good. We want you immensely and we don't want to take no for an answer. Don't let me have to speak to you again.

It was quite another plea that came from Doctor Judson's associates in New York. He had put his hand to the plow, and could not turn back. Mr. George Wellwood Murray, a lawyer of high standing, secretary of the board of trustees of the Memorial Church, who, actuated by the same motive as Doctor Judson, had stood for long years by his side, wrote under date of May thirty-first:

Your recent letter has filled me with dismay and foreboding. I do not for an instant doubt your perfect sincerity in believing that you could conduct the proposed new work at Hamilton and the old work at New York at the same time, but I am satisfied that in this you are mistaken. And what would become

of the Memorial Church, either on its spiritual side or its financial side, I do not know and fear to contemplate! I know very well, and I think appreciate fully, the forces that would draw you to the work at Hamilton. It is an entirely honorable work, and I can well understand that educational work would be in accordance with your own tastes. But here lies this church, humanly speaking, absolutely your own creation. Many of us think that it embodies the solution of a mighty problem. It is largely the expression of your own individuality. I do not believe that you can afford to leave it.

His long-time associate, the Rev. James M. Bruce, wrote just at that time with no less feeling and conviction:

I can well understand the attractions which the latter position has for you. At the same time, when I call up before my mind's eye that superb property that you have acquired and created at the historic New York Square, and in a locality where it stands for so much that is grandest in missionary achievement, the position of its presiding and inspiring head seems to me one that any man might be glad to give all his life to, all his life long. With what it involves in the way of molding and impelling influence for similar endeavor, it is in my estimation a greater and more distinguished post than the other.

Feeling unable to leave his own peculiar task, and being greatly drawn to the presidency, he thought seriously of accepting the latter, though continuing as pastor of the Memorial Church, but on June 7, 1898, in a letter to Mr. James C. Colgate, with characteristic self-surrender, he gave up the opportunity.

I hasten to send you my final decision, and I must say I do so with the greatest reluctance and even sorrow. I do not see my way clear to accept the presidency even with the proviso that I could hold at the same time pastoral relations with my church here. I have really been very strongly drawn toward Colgate by many threads of interest and affection, and while I have almost constantly thought upon this subject, I could not for the life of me make up my mind before. Even now I cannot thoroughly analyze the motives which compel me to decline these

overtures from yourself and the professors at Hamilton. I can only say that the general impression made by all my thinking on the subject, is that while I may be more wanted there, I am more needed here. . . It has formed a turning-point in my life, and my indecision has been deeply sincere. I cannot tell you how profoundly happy it makes me to be wanted in Hamilton.

If in the following chapters the reader comes to see something of the "blood-spitting struggle" (to use a phrase of Doctor Judson's) which was involved in these decisions to stand by the Memorial Church and its problems, he will understand something of its cost and significance.

Doctor Judson's teaching ability was again recognized, this time by Chicago University, when, in 1903, he was elected to the chair of Homiletics in the Divinity School. Doctor Judson explained this new relationship as follows:

I arranged with President Harper to serve as head of the Department of Homiletics during two quarters of two successive years, 1904 and 1905, with the understanding that at the end of that time I was to face the question of giving up my work in New York and devoting myself exclusively to the interests of the seminary.

He was the more ready to enter into the relation because of the condition of his health. He had been granted a leave of absence from his church to take a year of rest in Europe. He cut his sojourn short to take up this new service. True to his conviction that theological education should be accompanied by practical service under direction, he became acting pastor of the Parkside Branch of the Lexington Avenue Baptist Church that he might have a clinic in which to train his students. But again the call of imperative duty brought him back to New York. The secretary of the Board of Trustees of his church in August, 1903, made this urgent appeal:

Shutting my eyes on the Memorial for the moment, I can see much to be said for the professorship. It is a position of honor,

of great usefulness, congenial, I think, and in which I have no doubt you will meet with great success and do much good. Of course I note, and am glad to note, the two-year period, and recognize your desire to make it a bridge—even a cantilever, which may be pulled back—but two things occur to me. Not to speak of your spiritual commitment—a matter by itself and of grave importance—your financial commitment (in securing gifts, annuities, etc.) has been so great morally that it is difficult to see how you can get your shoulder from under the wheel until the load gets lighter.

The Advisory Board of the church felt compelled to take this action under date of May, 1904:

With our present light it seems to us inevitable that the spiritual interests of the church—its growth and prominence as a living force in the redemption of lower New York—require your presence and all of your energies. The temporal condition of the church is distinctly worse than we had hoped and believed it would be. In a word, we cannot at present prudently sustain further annuities, and therefore probably shall not be able to reduce our debt, and we are running behind in our expenses at the rate of about \$6,000 per annum.

Your presence, we believe, will revive the work on every hand. In an important sense, the work is yours. We believe that your personality is so identified with it in the mind of the church and the view of the community that during your life it must be led by you. Facts demonstrate that you cannot successfully lead it, either spiritually or financially, at such a distance and with energies devoted to other things.

He could do no other than to respond to this appeal, but the full import of his decision cannot be understood except in the light of facts brought out in later chapters.

Referring to his resignation, President Harper, in August, 1904, said, "I wish very much that I could talk things over with you before you reach a final conclusion." The official action of the university is recorded in Mr. Goodspeed's letter of July twenty-ninth:

With great regret the trustees of the Theological Union of the university have accepted your resignation. They wish me to

express to you the sense they have of the very great value of your services to the institution during the two years of your service. The difficulty of your separating yourself from your church in New York is appreciated by the trustees, however, and they regretfully assent to the sundering of the relations, a separation which was contemplated as possible at the time of your original appointment.

The severance of this relation was dictated by a severe sense of duty. Doctor Judson, referring to his life in Chicago, said:

It is with very sincere regret that I relinquish my duties in the Divinity School of the University of Chicago. I have greatly enjoyed the fellowship of the ministers in the Chicago Conference and elsewhere. The climate of Chicago has greatly strengthened my health. In connection with my other work I took up the study of the Minor Prophets during the spring quarter in one of President Harper's classes, and was deeply impressed by his devotion and constructive spirit. Meanwhile I shall not lose in lower New York the inspiration of the thinking done here, nor shall I soon forget the winelike breezes swaying the boughs of the trees and making the leaves incessantly tremulous, even during the hottest days of summer. I am to take up similar work in connection with the Divinity School at Colgate University during the winter and spring terms.

His deep regret at the necessity of leaving Chicago was softened somewhat by his satisfaction in entering a new relation with the Theological Seminary of Colgate University. Under the new plan his own church was used as a clinic in which the Colgate theological students received training under his direction. Each senior class spent the winter term in New York, while Doctor Judson was in residence in Hamilton during the spring term. These extracts from his introductory lecture to his course on homiletics show something of his analytical powers, his clear-cut definition, and the range of his lectures:

Homiletics is a branch of rhetoric. It is the science which treats of the nature, the classification, the analysis, the construc-

tion, and the composition of the sermon. It deals with the technique of the art of preaching. In homiletics I give three courses during the year, each course running through an academic quarter.

The first course has to do with the *theory* of sermon production. We pursue five practical lines of effort.

Each day I give a familiar lecture on the subject. The lectures deal first with the *making of the minister*, and secondly with the *making of the sermon*. Education means the symmetrical development of the whole man. The making of the minister involves *bodily health*, which is conditioned on food, air, cleanliness, and exercise; also *mental health*, which is achieved not by *eager* striving to produce some notable and definite effect, but by filling up each day with systematic occupation—reading and writing, study, recreation, and exercise. Also *social health* is requisite.

But besides bodily health, mental health, and social health, the minister needs *spiritual health*.

(Further reference to his lectures on The Making of a Minister will be found in Chapter VII.)

When we come to the making of the sermon, I describe the Ideal Sermon, showing it to be scriptural and extemporaneous and illustrative and intelligible and positive and persuasive and brief. Then I take up sermon *production itself*, and consider the selection of the text, the selection of the context, the gathering of materials through the study of the versions, the study of the commentaries, the study of the historic background, the search for illustrations and the method of preserving them. I then take up the process of *incubation*, the emergence of the plan—subject or proposition, introduction, divisions, subdivisions, conclusion. I show how to conserve the results of our study—first the loose notes, then the whole sermon on a single page, then the full outline, then the written sermon. I consider the final preparation of Saturday and Sunday, and the Sunday evening contemplation of the work achieved.

But besides the text-book and the lectures, my students and I are all the time at work together making a sermon, which serves to illustrate the principles which I teach.

I require besides a certain amount of collateral reading—the “Life of Phillips Brooks,” for instance, together with his

"Yale Lectures on Preaching," and the student is required to give me a paper in which he embodies the results of his reading.

I have a daily social hour at my rooms. The students are invited to come and see me, and after a cup of tea we read aloud together, on Tuesday the sermon of some great preacher, on Wednesday we read from Shakespeare, on Thursday from the Bible, and on Friday from devotional literature, as Augustine's "Confessions," Thomas à Kempis, and also from some of the modern mystics.

My second course in homiletics has to do not so much with the theory of sermon-making as with the actual construction of sermons.

The main part of our work consists in producing sermons together, the class choosing the texts. During the quarter just closed the students elected first, out of the miscellaneous subjects, Obedience to the Heavenly Vision. Then a miracle was taken, The Stilling of the Tempest; then a parable, The Prodigal Son; then a psalm, the Ninety-first Psalm; then a moral subject, Temperance; then a doctrinal subject, the Atonement, which naturally suggested a series of sermons upon: Man's Sinfulness, God's Love, the Incarnation, the Sinless Sufferer, Repentance, Faith, Divine Forgiveness, or Justification, the Believer's Conformity to Christ, or Sanctification.

Along with these studies, we have had for the most of the time, teacher and student together, a kind of homiletical clinic or laboratory, going in a body to a meeting either at some church or at a mission, one of the students preaching, and the rest promoting the interest of the service with their best efforts. At a session of the class on the following day the sermon preached is thoroughly criticized by the class and by the teacher, as regards its logical structure, its rhetorical features, the delivery, the pulpit deportment of the preacher, etc.

Yet one other school, of high academic rank, was to register its confidence in Doctor Judson's ability as a teacher. In October he was chosen to give a course of lectures to the Baptist students in the Union Theological Seminary on "The Distinctive Principles of Baptists." Referring to the attitude of the faculty, Doctor Sanders, through whose generosity the lectureship was established, said (October 25, 1905), "You are not *persona*

grata, but *gratissima*." Acting President Dr. George W. Knox, in a letter to Doctor Judson, said:

I feel like congratulating the seminary very warmly upon this new and most significant departure, and I am very grateful to you and to Doctor Sanders. If, as you suggested in your remarks, it is something remarkable that a seminary founded by one denomination should welcome men of another, it is at least as remarkable and truly Christian that men should be ready to give freely as you and Doctor Sanders give to an institution of a different name. What a beautiful symbol it is of the good time to come when we shall be neither of Paul nor Cephas nor Apollos, but one with Christ.

At the close of the year Doctor Knox expressed the hearty appreciation of the faculty and of the students of the work which Doctor Judson had done. This relationship continued through the next academic year, after which Dr. Harry E. Fosdick was appointed to succeed Doctor Judson (eventually entering into a full professorship).

While Doctor Judson rendered large service as a teacher, lecturer, and professor during sixteen years of the forty-nine which elapsed between his graduation from Brown University and his death, his influence in the field of education was by no means confined to his personal service in the classroom. The arrangement which he made for the senior class of the Colgate Theological Seminary to study social conditions under direction has become a permanent one—a notable recognition of the principle for which he stood so strenuously—*that theological study should be accompanied by study of social conditions and ameliorative efforts, and as far as possible by practical work under direction*. He had large influence in the establishment of the Italian Department of Colgate University. In writing to Dr. Hinton S. Lloyd in February, 1906, referring to a conversation which he had had with Rev. Antonio Mangano, he said:

I find that he (Mr. Mangano) is very hospitable to our plan of a combined Italian training-school and mission in our church, the school being a branch of the Hamilton Theological Seminary, like the German department at Rochester and the Scandinavian department at Chicago, and the mission being a branch of our work, but serving as a laboratory or clinic to the school. Nothing could be more timely, as all our denominational societies are in danger of muddling the immense and exigent Italian problem through the lack of an educated Italian ministry. A divinity school of this kind will shape the character of Italian Baptist churches in this country.

This school was established at the Dietz Memorial in Brooklyn, not at the Memorial Church—another of the many times when Doctor Judson was brought to the border-land of the realization of some hope or ideal, and was forbidden to enter.

It was Doctor Judson's great desire that a Baptist theological seminary should be established in New York City. He felt that through it the Baptist forces in New York would be better prepared to join with those of the other communions in meeting the critical demands of the metropolis. He made repeated efforts to effect the transfer to New York City of either Rochester Seminary or of the Theological Seminary of Colgate University, and indeed endeavored to bring about the consolidation of these two schools and their reestablishment in New York.

Aside from this influence on theological education Doctor Judson sustained an important relation to the development of Vassar College and Brown and Colgate Universities. He served as trustee of Vassar from 1888 to 1914, the date of his death. During the last few weeks of his life he rendered active service on the committee appointed to nominate a president for that institution. He served as trustee of Brown University from 1880 to 1907, and as a fellow from 1907 to the time of his death. He was trustee of Colgate University from

1901 till 1906, when he resigned, because of his election to a professorship. He received the following academic degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Brown University, 1865; Master of Arts, Brown University, 1868; Doctor of Divinity, Colgate University, 1881.

As an organizer he never lost sight of the educational significance of his social creations. For example, in discussing the proposed organization of the Italian School and Mission, he said:

We would not need to aspire to bigness, either as regards school or mission. A small craft built on fine lines will outlive a big raft in any storm. The school must be a model to the denomination, and the mission a model to all the Italian churches and missions—a model, I mean, in polity and methods of self-support and benevolence (envelope system, etc.), in music, in service, in evangelism, in conditions of church-membership, etc.

I would not be in favor of taking into our school any students except men of strong character and brilliant abilities, for the school must never become an asylum for dependents. Our motto should be, *few but fit*.

Never for success or favor would he depart from his own high ideals. He thought of his social undertakings as a demonstration for other institutions and as a clinic for the training of other men. In him the pedagogic sense was highly developed.

The persistence of the teacher instinct, habit, or point of view throughout the whole of Edward Judson's life was one of the most determining factors in his life and work. It is one explanation both of his strength and of his weakness as a preacher and as an administrator.

III

PASTOR AND PREACHER

The minister is a kind of artist. Now it is the function of art to transmute the fleeting images of the mind into imperishable objective forms, which the appreciative spirit of man can seize and appropriate for all time to come.

Preaching is the exudation of a richly nourished nature as the fruit is the overflow of the tree life.—*Edward Judson.*

IN calling Prof. Edward Judson as pastor, the North Orange Baptist Church showed fine discernment. It selected one who in later years was generally regarded as a preacher of rare ability, and whose standing as pastor and preacher was recognized by two theological seminaries, which sought him as Professor of Homiletics.

The unrest, which he had expressed in his letter to his sister, found expression in action when he accepted the call of the North Orange Baptist Church. He was ordained to the Christian ministry on May 5, 1873; the ordination sermon was preached by President Dodge, and the hand of fellowship was given by his half-brother, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D.

Though Doctor Judson's official connection with the North Orange Baptist Church lasted but six years, in a real sense it became a life relationship. He was regarded with the greatest affection and esteem by its members to the day of his death. He was accustomed to speak at the annual Children's Day Service at which the Sunday School made a gift of flowers to the children of the Memorial Church. He counted the North Orange people among his staunchest friends and supporters. Here is a distant echo of his influence, an extract from a



EDWARD JUDSON
PASTOR OF NORTH ORANGE CHURCH

letter from the son of a former member of the church, written at Redlands, California, in 1911:

You must derive great comfort, Doctor Judson, from the knowledge that there are so many persons scattered over the country, who bless you for the help you have been to them spiritually. And then think of the many who have gone before who were led into the kingdom by you! Among them is my dear father. He loved you. He was never quite reconciled to your giving up the North Orange Church pastorate.

Those who succeeded him in the North Orange pastorate testify to his abiding influence. Dr. William M. Lawrence, a lifelong friend, says:

As one of those who succeeded him in the pastorate at North Orange Church I had occasion to have this impressed on me constantly. Let it be remembered that more than a score of years passed from the close of his pastorate to the beginning of mine, and yet he was as influential, as much beloved, and his services were as much sought after as if I had been his immediate successor.

Dr. Arthur T. Fowler, now pastor of the church, pays this tribute:

Thirty years ago he gave up the pastorate of this church and closed a most fruitful ministry, to take up his memorable work in New York City. Through all this period his influence has been felt, and he has been held in the highest esteem. His work has been followed with prayers and increasing influence. What impressed me was the union, the rich noble blending, in his personality and hopes of exceedingly diverse—in some lines opposing—qualities and forces. "All things in him consist, hold together," said Saint Paul of our Lord.

After a few delightful years in one of the finest residence communities in America, Edward Judson had to face his third great life decision; this decision led him to surrender his congenial surroundings, his ample living, and his cherished habits of study to devote himself to a missionary task that had none of the romantic glamor

of missionary service in Asia or Africa, nor indeed the recognition accorded to pioneer ministers in the great West. The decision was the more difficult, as it involved the forced surrender of social and cultural advantages by his wife and daughters. As we shall see in a following chapter, the city mission field was one that was neglected, and to it few strong men had given themselves. He chose to relate himself to a struggling down-town church in an obscure locality with nothing to commend it but its opportunity for usefulness.

There could be no question that the Berean Church had called him to lead, and he could serve no church where he was not recognized leader. Its full commitment to him is reflected by the call of the church:

NEW YORK CITY, July 6, 1881.

DEAR BROTHER JUDSON: We enclose to you the action of the Berean Baptist Church, at a special meeting held this date. The proceedings were, first the reception and adoption of the report of the pulpit committee. Then upon the suggestion of the chairman, it was decided, upon motion, to proceed at once to give Brother Edward Judson a call to become pastor of our church. And I am happy to state that the result was a unanimous request, and we hope that you feel disposed to accept the call. In reference to any changes you deem best to make, the church by resolution agreed to comply with any reasonable request, and also to sympathize and cooperate with you in your labors. In our present reduced condition we were only able to secure the promise of one thousand dollars a year toward your support. Hoping soon to receive a favorable reply, we remain with much respect and esteem, your brethren in Christ.

On behalf of the committee,

J. A. HOUGHTON, *Secretary*.

His full commitment to the church was finely expressed in a letter he wrote a few years later on his arrival in California after a trip abroad:

During the long journey which I am making I have enjoyed so far most excellent health and have received many tokens of

divine grace. Up to this date I have preached only three times, so that I am having a good rest. I want you to feel that whatever strength and information I may gather on this journey will be used on behalf of you, my dear people, to whose precious welfare I have devoted myself body and soul.

His sacrificial act startled and amazed Christian leaders. They had been accustomed to see strong men continue important work on the foreign field, but never had known a man who had attained eminence in an influential church voluntarily to surrender its leadership and to identify himself with a struggling mission interest in the city. This letter from an acquaintance in New Hampshire reflects the surprise of his friends:

March 9, 1881.

The "Examiner" came this afternoon, bearing a copy of your pastoral talk of last Sunday. Not having heard the slightest intimation of any purpose on your part to alter your ministerial relations in any particular, I need not say I was wholly unprepared for so utter a renunciation as you therein announce. My brother, this is the grandest self-sacrifice for the furtherance of the interests of God and man alike recorded in the annals of many, many years. It is not for me to question the wisdom of a purpose for which a servant and son of God is willing to give up so much. I stand amazed, filled with awe at this magnificent exhibition of apostolic zeal. The son of Adoniram Judson is worthy of his parentage. The call is mighty when the affluence of your present surroundings yields to it.

Many years later in an ordination address, without referring in any way to his own experience, he said:

It would be a reassuring sign of the times if the cases were not so scarce of ministers laying aside the responsibilities of the active pastorship in influential churches not in order to seek out some sheltered nook, but to identify themselves with forlorn causes, where the social currents would converge against them, and where their wisdom and experience and ample resources would count the most for the advancement of the kingdom of God.

The larger significance of this decision to the social and religious life of New York City, and indirectly to the life of all American cities, will be considered in later chapters. It was as a social prophet and leader in mission work in the city that he made his great life contribution to social and religious progress, yet as pastor and preacher he attained distinction and had wide influence.

His high estimate of the pastor's office grew out of his conception of the place of the church in the kingdom of God, and particularly the place of the local church. He says:

The Christian finds himself within the large embrace of three concentric horizons. The uttermost is the spiritual church, that vague and majestic conception which glimmers here and there in Holy Scripture, and reminds us that our souls, whether dwelling on this green earth or in any other world, who turn reverently and obediently toward what light they have, belong to one flock and have one shepherd.

Again, there is a second religious horizon that environs us, less remote and more definite. Within the spiritual church we find ecclesiastical crystallizations with one or another of which each one of us has come somehow or other to be identified. We are Romanist, or Anglican, or Wesleyan, or Baptist, or Congregationalist, or Presbyterian. These several organisms are called denominations or communions, and sometimes in loose but popular phrase, but with slight, if any, vestige of Scripture warrant, churches.

The local church latitudes our innermost ecclesiastical horizon; it includes those believers who habitually meet together for worship. They form a society into which new members are initiated by baptism. It is their custom at stated seasons to take the bread and the chalice in memory of Christ.

They remind each other of his teachings, and they praise and adore the eternal God as foreshortened and revealed to the human consciousness in his personality and character. In these ways they help each other to become like him. Nor is this all. They endeavor to change for the better the character of the circumjacent community, which they call the world, by bringing into the consciousness of individuals those great truths con-

cerning God, and duty, and the future life, which Christ taught and exemplified. This they accomplish by preaching, by private conversation, by the symbolism of the sacraments, and especially by their blameless and disinterested behavior, which reflects the image of their Master as the rising sun is mirrored on the glossy surface of a mountain lake.

In his address as president of the American Baptist Missionary Union, now the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in May, 1887, Edward Judson said:

Christ organized a church. He was not an abstract thinker. This work of organization is hard work. It is one thing to dream and another thing to realize. Themistocles said, "I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town grow into a great city." Christ was a builder. He meant that his church should contain the potency of all reform. Christ wrote no books. He organized a society. My brethren, if you would do something worth continuing, then work along the line of the local church. Work this for all it is worth: and when you die, you will leave something that shall be a worthy residuum. I have about made up my mind to be connected with no other societies. They draw off the water in the stream before it comes to the mill. They absorb energies which ought to flow through the local churches.

His conception of the central place of the church was fundamental. This is clearly stated in his "Institutional Church." Again he said:

We ourselves belong to a social age. Almost every man whom you meet wears some kind of badge. In spite, however, of this strong social trend, the community as a whole does not become more compact and stable. The exclusive societies and clubs into which the rich are gathered only intensify caste prejudice and antipathy. So that the social instinct which seemed to have within it the promise of cohesion tends ultimately to disintegration. Society is seamed with crevasses, which only widen as individuals come into closer social contact. It would almost seem as though the church were the only society in which human units can cohere on a common plane—rich and poor.

prince and pauper, the learned and the illiterate. All races and nationalities meet together on a common ground, share in the same aspirations, struggles, and hopes. This was the glory and miracle of the primitive church, that at a time when race antipathy compared with ours was as sunlight unto moonlight, the middle wall of partition was broken down, and Jew and Greek shared in the common eucharistic meal.

His emphasis on the church as such, his conception of the church as a divine institution, superseding and overtowering all other religious and social institutions, his attachment to a formal, stately order of service, lead some to call him a "High-churchman"; but he was far from a "High-churchman"; to him the church was a very simple and natural organization. In the ordination address, entitled "Holy Order," he gave this exposition of the functions of the church and the office of the pastor:

Or it may be an aged holy woman sitting in the chimney-corner with her Bible on her knee; or some venerable deacon perhaps grieving for the affliction of Joseph, like the saints in the days of Amos; or even some little child like Samuel, whose young heart was concerned for the tabernacle, where the ark of God was, and whose ear Jehovah uncovered in those gloomy days when the word of Jehovah was precious, as there was no frequent vision. Heaven has not seen fit to set apart and to ordain certain men as organ-pipes through which, however foul and dusty, it exclusively transmits the grand and solemn music of its oracles. Not the laying on of hands makes the minister, but his own feeling of concern; as the lookout in the crow's-nest of some great Atlantic steamship at night searches the dim horizon for the lights of a distant vessel, the phantom iceberg, or some dark, low-lying derelict, while the passengers take their ease below the decks. The human mind could not devise a more effective way to retard the growth of Christianity than the promotion of the universal persuasion that the grace of God can find its way to the hearts of men solely through the channels of a select few. *The universal priesthood of believers is the cardinal doctrine of the modern church. Every true Christian is a minister, or on the way to become one.* Every child of

God should aspire to be graduated out of tutelage into the mature life of service. As in military hospitals convalescents become nurses, so in the religious life the saved become saviors, and in saving, are saved.

That he believed in the essential democracy of the Christian church is evidenced by these words, and yet he had a profound belief in the sacredness and the effectiveness of the work of the pastor. His conception of the high office of pastor was reflected in his writing, in his thorough sermon preparation, and in his work generally. During the period when he was comparatively free from the burden of the church debt, and could devote himself with his full energy to his own church, he defined the relation of the pastor to the Sunday School:

As pastor, I try to be present as regularly at the Sunday School as at any other church service on Sunday. With us the church and congregation meet together on Sunday morning for *worship*. This consists of the Lord's Supper, prayer, praise, and the unfolding of Scripture by the pastor. The church and congregation meet together on Sunday afternoon for *study*. The Bible is the text-book. The pastor, instead of unfolding a passage for the people *en masse*, as in the morning, instructs the people through teachers whom he has met beforehand, and whom he has taught both the lesson and how to teach it. The church and congregation meet together on Sunday evening for *work*, especially as regards the outside world. Each member of the church is expected to attend regularly at least two of these three great services.

I have almost come to think that in some cases the Sunday School is more truly and primitively the church than the church itself. The people come together to sing, and pray, and study the Bible under the instruction of unpaid teachers, the more intelligent and spiritual of their number, and in this way they reproduce almost exactly the apostolic *ecclesia*.

The superintendent attends to the details of organization, while the pastor performs the function of teaching through the teachers. The two offices cannot clash. My own rule is to hold a teachers' meeting Thursday night, and to conduct the closing exercises of

the school, giving the children a sermonet of five minutes on the lesson. Out of the study of the lesson there usually comes a sermon for Sunday night.

Thus he exalted the teaching function of the pastor. At the morning service he would teach the saints, in the afternoon the young, and in the evening the unconverted. As a preacher he was preeminently a teacher.

In his conception of the pastoral office large place was given to persuasion, to what is commonly called evangelistic appeal. It is not frequent that one essentially a teacher becomes an effective evangelist. Speaking of Doctor Judson's experience in North Orange, Dr. R. T. Middleditch said: "Revivals of great power were enjoyed. Several hundred were received into church-membership." The evangelistic note was prominent in his Berean Church ministry and in that of the Memorial Church—the name assumed by the church when it moved into the Judson Memorial on Washington Square. To the end of his ministry he laid strong emphasis upon the work of the evangelist.

This evangelistic ministry was sufficiently extended to have a vital relation to the development of the denomination, both in the quickening of the individual churches and in the conversion of strong men and women. In February, 1914, after Doctor Judson had given a lecture in Dr. Russell H. Conwell's church in Philadelphia, Doctor Conwell's associate, Rev. A. E. Harris, wrote:

I think it is exactly twenty-five years ago this very week, is it not, that you preached a series of revival services at the Olivet Church? The Lord distinctly called me into the ministry through your preaching. You did not know how far that work extended on that awfully cold night in 1889.

Few men have had such large opportunities for personal influence as he. This influence was exerted often quite unconsciously, at other times by definite and pains-

taking service. Several letters have been received from widely scattered points, testifying to the strong impression which he made at a casual meeting. If it is true, as Emerson says, that to meet a man on the street is to make a mark upon him, so sensitive is one life to another, a train of inspiring influences was left by Doctor Judson in his contact with thousands. One testifies that his wife had learned to rely upon the inspiration she received from birthday letters year after year. Mrs. James M. Bruce gives this pathetic but inspiring incident. The funeral service of Edward Judson had been over but a few hours when the regular Sunday-evening service was held in the Memorial Church. At the close, a poorly clad, lonely young woman asked for the pastor, whom she had heard preach only the preceding Sunday. She was told that he had passed away the Friday before. She burst into tears and said, "I thought I had found a friend."

Doctor Judson was a charming and persuasive letter-writer. Many letters were written in his own hand, but many also by Mrs. Judson, who was his most faithful and gracious amanuensis. Many troubled individuals who had never known him personally, wrote for spiritual guidance. In reply to an inquiry, regarding the mooted question of amusements, that he had received from a young teacher in Texas, he wrote a long letter with the greatest care. Among other things he said:

Perhaps it is just as well that I have postponed the answer, for indeed one of the first principles taught in the New Testament is that in these questions of casuistry we are not to depend upon others for an answer, but to train our conscience by keeping it in constant use, as a hunter's eyesight grows keen through the sustained effort to perceive small game in the thick woods. The priestly way of deciding such questions one for another causes the moral vision of the one who seeks counsel to be impaired through disuse and weak dependence upon those who we think

are of keener sight than ourselves. This then is the first principle, namely, that we decide for ourselves.

The second condition of clear vision is a surrendered will; that is, an absolute willingness to take either one of the alternative courses that seems more right. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Our self-will, like breath, makes a little film on the window-pane so that we cannot see clearly the vision of beauty that lies beyond.

The third principle is that we are not to take any course until all misgiving concerning it is cleared up.

In the fourth place, there comes in the principle of distinctive Christian love. This is something which is almost unknown among worldlings, and enables a person to give up with a smile the most congenial helpful recreation, if by so doing we may save those from engaging in it to whom it would be a sin. This principle may easily be overworked by an enthusiastic Christian, the weaker brother being put upon a kind of throne from whence he dominates his fellow Christians.

There is no "Thus saith the Lord" that I know of concerning these things that are not wrong *per se*, but Paul's teachings are illumined by general principles of which we may make use, and so following the Word and guided by the Spirit, our inmost purpose being to obey, we shall not go far wrong without priestly control exercised over us by those who have gone before us, of those to whom we instinctively look as spiritual fathers.

This may be taken as typical of the thoughtful consideration shown to those who sought his spiritual guidance, though they had no claim upon him.

His fine instincts, his urbanity, his wide training and scholarship, and his marked pulpit ability made him a most acceptable college preacher. He was sought by institutions like Chicago, Cornell, Brown, Vassar, and Wellesley; and by Union and Rochester Seminaries. Few men touched the extremes of social and intellectual life more than he. He had that clarity of thought, simplicity of utterance, breadth of sympathy, and deep spiritual discernment which permitted him to minister to the high and to the low, to the lettered and to the unlettered. He

touched that common human element to be found in men of every class and of every condition. In an address he once said:

Few of us have Joseph's quick perception of sorrow, who looking into the haggard faces of his two fellow prisoners, the butler and baker, asked the sympathetic question, "Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day."

He had that quick sensitiveness and could aptly express his feeling.

Sought by many educational institutions, he was equally in demand by churches. There is probably no church in the denomination that would not have welcomed him as its pastor. While he seldom referred to these calls, and never I believe, in his church, there are to be found in his files letters from representatives of such churches as the First Baptist Church of Rochester (1884), from the Eutaw Place Church of Baltimore (1895), and from the First Church of Providence (1907).

From Providence, his friend Professor Poland wrote, "You were my first choice, but you would not come." This earnest letter was received in 1895 from Baltimore:

A year ago, when Doctor Ellis left us, the one thought of the committee of eleven brethren, to whom the duty of recommending his successor was confided, was that Dr. Edward Judson must be secured if possible. You could not then see how the leadership of your great work in New York could be confided to other workers. A year of earnest prayerful looking for another minister upon whom conviction and unanimous choice might unite has been unavailing.

A well-known layman of the same church wrote:

Of course your letters previously received had left us no room for any change, but at the same time we did not feel that we could accept this without making one more effort. And now that this has failed us, we are forced to accept your decision for the present at least, though it brings to us the greatest possible disappointment and regret.

This letter makes it quite clear that while churches reiterated their appeal to him, they did so clearly understanding his attitude. It was almost at the beginning of his ministry in New York, when he had limited support for himself and for his work, housed in cramped quarters, that this urgent invitation came from Richmond, Virginia:

Not only would our church and city give you a cordial welcome, but the Baptists of the entire South would rejoice to have you in this position. Your influence for good would extend throughout our entire brotherhood North and South. No field in the South presents such an opportunity of usefulness as this.

The writer is advised that just after Doctor Judson became pastor of the Berean Church at a salary inadequate for his needs, he was called to a strong church in Albany. In spite of these frequent and persistent calls he was not tempted to surrender what he deemed his great life-task, though its rigors overtaxed his endurance and finally cut into his very life. He appreciated his unanimous election by the Executive Committee of the Northern Baptist Convention to preach the Convention Sermon in Boston in 1914 at the Judson Centennial and the hundredth anniversary celebration of the founding of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. It was a deep disappointment to him that he was physically unable to accept the appointment.

One may well shrink from attempting to characterize the work of a genius. Such was Doctor Judson as a preacher. His own defense of preaching gives some hint of the task which he had set for himself. In discussing the striking theme, "The Unnecessariness of Preaching," he said:

Whether there is any real value in the objection which these words contain to one of the usual methods of evangelistic work

depends on the definition given to the word preaching. If it means a set form of religious discourse, then the objection is, in many circumstances, a valid one. But if it means a simple conversational style of conveying gospel truth, as one friend would talk to another, making statements that he desires to enforce and illustrate in an unconventional way, then such preaching cannot be dispensed with in making known the message of salvation.

He decried anything of a sensational character in the pulpit. In writing to a friend he referred to "the fatal undertow in sensational preaching." He would not cheapen his art to catch a crowd. An unprejudiced observer with critical but kindly intent may give truer estimate of him than one who saw him at too close range to get a perspective and knew him too warmly to be dispassionate. "The Watchman," of July 4, 1901, quotes this statement from the "New York Sun":

He has unmistakable earnestness, but he has also the same manner about it that he would have if he were entertaining you at his own dinner-table. He goes at it with the accent of a gracious host who has an engaging story to tell, and in a minute or so his eyes are twinkling and his face has a broad infectious smile at some human turn he is giving his remarks. There is no loss of dignity in this habit, but it affects people differently; I suppose everybody is warmed by an honest smile, but the churl doesn't think to smile back.

Then the narrative, of which a large portion of the sermon is made up, is for the most part pure literature. A limpid, Anglo-Saxon style of simple words it is, with color adroitly produced not by troops of adjectives, but by nouns and verbs that are single metaphors in themselves. This is the last degree of imagination in style; it shows a mind that sees its own thoughts as pictures, and that sees facts in perspective. Thus, speaking of the talk of the stranger on the road to Emmaus, which was his subject, he said, "The story ran on in ups and downs." After illustration of this statement by quotations of the exultation and depression of feeling, that "story of ups and downs" was a phrase that pinned itself in the mind.

A few graphic phrases are not remarkable, and, on the other

hand, an unrestraint of picture nouns and verbs would easily become slush. But Judson is an artist; he doesn't slip into kept words; he knows the difference between unmuzzled fancy and a sane imagination; his own disciplined imagination is inexhaustible in its accurate words.

This is not great thinking; I don't know that it is thinking at all. But it marks a faculty that gets at the distinctions of laborious thought by a spring. It is a seeing true; it is a seeing with all one's personality at once. If Judson were not a preacher he would be one of the authors to whom publishers pay prodigious royalties.

Nevertheless, in his own pulpit on Sunday it is evident that the long wear and disappointment have told on him. There he lacks some of the verve that he has in other pulpits. After last Sunday's services were over this observer experienced the impression that Judson was tired, not in body, but in spirit.

Perhaps this impression is not quite right; if correct, it applies only to his sense of his own preaching, certainly not to the daily work of the Judson institution, for in announcing the week's program his voice had a different ring, as of a fathomless determination.

We are fortunate in having this editorial by the "Mail and Express" of February 15, 1902, in a series of editorials on "City Pastors and Their Churches":

He at any rate cultivates the field well and zealously. I should call him a man of spiritual and sympathetic power rather than one of compelling will and influence. He is to me, as estimated from the view-point of the man in the Sunday pew, a man of singular attractiveness. His manner before his congregation—I cannot say in the pulpit, for he has no pulpit—is rather diffident. He does not preach from notes, and he has a pleasing and almost deferential, conversational way which convinces the hearer that the sermon is entirely extemporaneous—that it comes from the heart. Yet there is never any groping for an expression, and never any want of order and sequence in the matters presented. . .

I do not mean that there was the slightest indication in Doctor Judson's discourse that he had failed to feel rewarded richly for his long and arduous labors in this city; but I am sure that he has by no means been well rewarded in the earthly sense, and that the full harvest from his sowing is yet to be reaped.

Preaching for Edward Judson was not a stage performance, not a literary feat, not an oratorical effort; it was the expression of personality—of soul—playing upon a brain well nourished by careful thought and enriched by wide Christian experience, employing a well-disciplined, richly modulated voice, and a genial, compelling presence. He sought to win his audiences rather than to command them. His method was expository, his style conversational, but dignified, and even elegant. When his burdens, to which reference will be made in the following chapters, came to be crushing, the effects of the long wear and tear were evident. His experience suggests these lines from Matthew Arnold, often used by Doctor Judson:

No, 'tis the gradual furnace of the world
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurled
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel,
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring,
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power.

This evident depression toward the close of his life robbed his preaching, especially in his own pulpit, of some of its power though he never lost his charm of simplicity, his quiet earnestness, his "sweet reasonableness," his clarity of thought and purity of diction. He says, "A vote of thanks was given to Lord Macaulay for having written a history that the working man could understand." This tribute may be paid to his preaching.

While his sermons were illumined with quaint humor, he never used what might be termed funny stories. This is characteristic: "It made you think of the good Samaritan who, having become once involved in a procedure of kindness, found there was no end to it. I call that story the parable of the Holy *And*." There was much of pathos, occasionally a touch of pessimism, but usually an

abounding faith and a deep spiritual tone. Doctor Judson did not often discuss social problems in his pulpit. He became a social force by action, and yet his voice was frequently heard upon social questions, as, for example, when he addressed a banquet of paper manufacturers in December, 1898. He discussed what he called *The Development of Civic Righteousness*—its expression in social compunction—the feeling, for example, that a man is responsible for the benevolent use of his wealth, that beyond the problem of acquisition is the more difficult problem of using wealth.

While Doctor Judson's pulpit work was largely the expression of his compelling personality, it always represented the most thorough preparation. Although his sermons were left largely in fragmentary notes, some are preserved in manuscript form, and others found their way into print. Since he left no volume of sermons, and but an occasional sermon was ever printed, we shall quote certain extracts for their intrinsic value as well as to illustrate his pulpit power.

On February 3, 1897, Doctor Judson preached in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall at Newton, Massachusetts. The sermon was stenographically reported. The extract which follows gives a fair presentation of Doctor Judson's method in evangelistic appeal:

I do not want to conceal it from you that a Christian life means checks and restraints. I do not want you to become a Christian on the ground that it is a life of large liberty. A Christian life means being hemmed in. To become a Christian is to reef in your personal preferences; it means to yield to wholesome restraint. . .

The Christian life is a narrow way. It is not a wide boulevard. It is like walling in a narrow path where our steps are restricted. Keep in the path! That is what it means to be a Christian.

Now, a rifle-barrel encloses the force of the powder. You can touch off a little powder on the ground, and you will

have a little explosion, light, and heat. So our lives, in order to realize much from them, must be compressed. You can never have success in any direction until your life is shut in. Just as a river does not have the same power when it meanders carelessly over the plain as when shut in between the walls of a sluice and its forces directed and controlled.

I made up my mind that . . . the difference between civilization and savage life is just that the savage has his own way. It is a case of individualism gone to seed. Like Esau, he eats and drinks, and goes his way. Civilized man yields to pressure.

I have not given the gospel yet. To tell human nature that it must submit to restraint and do things it does not want to do is all very good, but that is not the gospel.

If you will yield to the pressure you will find by and by that the pressure is agreeable. By and by obedience will become second nature, and you will love to do those things that you do not want to do, and you will learn to love to do God's will, and Browning's lines will come true when we shall recognize

"The ultimate angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing!"

We get by and by to taste the sweetness of this acquiescence in the divine will.

And so we come to feel that these restraints are just our heavenly Father's arrangements, and we love to keep inside them and find happiness in yielding to the divine will.

I have an idea that this sermon I have tried to preach to-night has its application right here; that if you could be persuaded into doing the thing you do not want to, because it is your duty, you might find the Saviour. I remember when I did it as a lad of sixteen, I just stood up and said, "Pray for me." I had always thought I would be a Christian sometime, but it was hard to take the first step.

In New York there was a minister who had a little boy, and the minister with the little boy was at home in one of those great houses. The mother was away, so that when the door-bell rang they both felt, "That is mother." So the minister said to his little boy, "Go and open the door for your mother." And the little boy went to the great oak door and turned the knob, but could not get the door open. So he called out to

his mother, "Mamma, I have turned the knob, you push the door open."

I have often thought of that, and likened it to the door of the heart. There is something that keeps the door from coming open. All you have to do is to remove that, and Christ will come in.

The sermon, from which the following quotations are taken, reflects his own attitude of humility. He never paraded his acts of sacrifice or exhibited his own good works.

RANK IN THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Take care, Peter! Service cannot be measured by bulk. Self-consciousness and that mercenary spirit of yours are the moths which fret to death the gorgeous tapestry of Christian service. No matter how much you do for me, self-consciousness and the mercenary spirit spoil it all. Many who are first here—of whom people say they have done great things and made great sacrifices—many such shall be last over there, because all they do is spoiled by the wrong spirit which they cherish. And many that are last here, of whom people say, "They have done nothing for me, and have sacrificed nothing," such people may be first over there; for though there was little to show in bulk either of service or sacrifice, yet there was the humble and unselfish spirit that made what they did of great price. . .

The parable very plainly teaches that those who are first here may be the last there when the great account is made up. Perhaps there is some Christian here in this congregation, looking me right in the face, of whom everybody is saying: "Oh, what a worker he is! How much he is giving up, and how much he is doing for Christ!" And yet there may be in his conduct that subtle spirit of self-consciousness and selfishness which will spoil it all, and he may find himself way back among the last in heaven. . .

Rank in the kingdom of heaven is determined, not by the bulk of the service rendered and sacrifice made, but by the animating spirit of the life.

It is not those who think that they have attained to some high plane of moral excellence from which they can look down upon their fellow men, who have already done so; but those who are the most conscious of their own imperfection. The ear of

corn, when it is thin and green, stands straight up on the stalk; when it is filled out and browned with ripeness, it bends its head and hangs low down.

This was his introduction to a sermon on City Missions, announced as "The Romance of the Mustard-seed":

A man took a tiny mustard-seed between his thumb and finger. A member of the vegetable kingdom comes into contact with a member of the animal kingdom. The seed so small that he can scarcely see it—so small he can hardly feel it between the sensitive surface of his thumb and finger. "Ye have faith like a grain of mustard-seed."

He took the seed between thumb and finger, chose a mellow spot in his garden where there was plenty of sunshine, and, disturbing the soil a little, he dropped in the mustard-seed and covered it up. And then a wonderful thing happened. The soil closed around the mustard-seed, just as you would hold a baby in your arms; and being warmed by the sun and moistened by the dew and rain, the little mustard-seed began to swell, and at last cracked open, just as the little chicken breaks an egg-shell. Then there came out, not a chicken, but two things, a little blade, or plumule, and a little root, or radicle, that went down. The plumule and the radicle left the shell of the mustard-seed just as you would tumble out of your bed in the morning.

The radicle went down into the earth, and it sent out little hairs, and they sucked in the moisture and air of the ground, and sent them up to the blade; and so the whole thing kept on growing until it became a tree. As big around as that (putting hands together) it shot out branches. A pair of birds came along, and they said, "What a place this would be for a nest!" and so they built their nest in the crotch of the tree, and they had a place to fly into when they were tired. They had protection against the hot sun and the driving rain, and they sang among the branches, making the mustard tree a musical conservatory. I submit that this is quite a romance.

Doctor Judson felt deeply, and he knew how to express those deeper feelings that the average man would hardly venture to describe. In a sermon at the Berean Church early in his ministry, on the theme "The Fruit of the

Vine," in describing the Last Supper of Jesus with his disciples, he said :

This is the last time we shall meet. De Quincy says: "It is just a remark of Doctor Johnson, and what cannot often be said of his remarks, a very feeling one, that we never perform an act consciously for the last time without sadness of heart." It was this sadness of heart that had possession of the breast of our Saviour. A poet describes the death of a man in a porch, and the man looks out and sees the setting sun, and there is a consciousness in his heart that this will be the last time.

"How sad
To watch the last low lingering light
And know not when the morn may break."

And so Tennyson describes the dying man's last experience of daybreak in the words:

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

One of the saddest experiences that we have in this world is that of oldness. We found that out in our childhood, when we got our toys all red and new and beautiful. How soon they became old and spoiled. Our school-books too; how soon they are worn out. So too, our clothes are continually getting worn out. All things that we have are continually getting old. We can enter here into sympathy with the question with which the blasé worldling Solomon begins his great book of Ecclesiastes: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us." So with our bodies. They are like a home, the beams of which are slowly crumbling away. All is growing old. But we are taught here that we shall pass into a world where there shall be a new earth. Where, instead of the oldness of our earthly life, there shall be the perennial freshness of a new life. We shall be in a strange world where things never grow old. Do you remember the prophet's words spoken far back there in Isaiah, "For, behold, I create a new heaven and a new earth"?

One of the sermons which the writer remembers with the greatest pleasure, and from which he has received the greatest profit, was entitled "The Crescendo Life," from the text, "I will give him the morning star":

This is the promise of Christ to the poor disciples at Thyatira. Who shall prove faithful and shall overcome, I will give him the morning star. It does not, of course, mean that he will literally pluck a star from the sky and give it to those who prove faithful. We shall live a crescendo life. Everybody feels the charm of the crescendo. There should be no coming downstairs as life advances. We all want life not to darken down, but to grow a little brighter all the time the longer we live. Some people have a morbid habit of dwelling on the happy days of childhood, as if their "golden age" were always behind them. We forget the troubles of our childhood, and recall only its pleasures. How much better Browning's robust optimism, "The best is yet to be." The normal life grows ever happier. What seems at first a regimen becomes at last a delight. As the ancient poet puts it:

"I will run the way of thy commandments,
When thou shalt enlarge my heart."

The consciousness of the presence and love of the "Great Companion" is the secret of the crescendo life. Only as we relate ourselves vitally to him by faith and love do we become capable in any measure of realizing such aspirations as are voiced in Holmes' "Chambered Nautilus":

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Christianity gives us the promise of a crescendo life. We begin small and low down. The ladder of true sainthood has its lowest rung placed in the gutter of humiliation. Self-denial comes at the beginning of the Christian life, and willing obedience at the end. Only after long and sustained endeavor do we achieve

“ The ultimate angels' law,
Indulging every instinct of the soul
There where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing! ”

We begin by being the *servants* of Christ, and end by hearing him calling us *friends*. The human spirit resembles a stagnant pool all overspread with the green scum of sin, in the center of which the Christian life bubbles up like a little spring that keeps at work till it clears away all impurity. According to the old Hebrew proverb, “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

Certain central truths laid fast hold upon him. He preached again and again upon “Christian Tranquillity,” more than once in his own pulpit, also in Rochester, in Boston, at Cornell, and elsewhere. He could press a whole sermon into a paragraph. This is the heart of his sermon on Christian Tranquillity:

In the writings of Isaiah we have frequent allusions to the potter and his wheel, as in that familiar passage of exquisite beauty, a strophe from a post-exilic hymn: “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee;” or as more exactly rendered: “The soul whom thou dost sustain, thou wilt mold into perfect peace; because he trusteth in thee.” There is no word of Scripture more replete with Christian tranquillity. The believer is the formless lump of clay. Jehovah is the artist. The outcome is an exquisite vase, bearing the legend, Perfect Peace.

But there are two conditions essential to this glorious result. The potter must sustain and fashion the lump of moist clay, and the clay must lie still and be soft and acquiescent to the potter's molding. Translated into prose, The experiences of life are God's way of bringing the soul that trusts in him into a sense of perfect security, into the possession of a tranquil mind.

Here is another sermon in a paragraph:

“Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works' sake,” as if he would prefer to have us believe in him for his own sake without any miracles at all. As rude, perishable trestlework is

ultimately replaced on a railroad by compact masonry, so the faith of the gospel which rested once upon miracle, now rests upon the world's personal experience of Christ's power to save the state, the family, and the individual. And while the evidence from miracle weakens with time, the evidence from experience accumulates force through the years.

His sermons were abundantly illustrated by literary gems, chiefly from the great poets, which he quoted from memory and with deep feeling. In speaking of the vague sense of danger which seems to oppress animal existence, he says Faust's complaint is true to human life:

Care at the bottom of the heart is lurking:
Her secret pangs in silence working,
She, restless, rocks herself, disturbing joy and rest:
In newer masks her face is drest,
By turns as house and land, as wife and child, presented—
As water, fire, as poison, steel,
And what we never lose is yet by us lamented!

The incarnation was essential to his thought. We find it clearly stated in his lecture on Matthew Arnold, in this short paragraph:

The Scriptures reflect into our consciousness as from a mirror the radiant personality of Jesus, who is the heavenly Father unveiled. Outside of Christ we have only vague notions of God. In Christ he is definite, personal, sympathetic, near at hand. We feel his pity and love. We speak to him as a child to its mother. I find prayer most satisfying when it is addressed directly to Christ, who is all of God that, in humanity, we can comprehend.

PULPIT PRAYER

“It is a heavenly gift to be able to lead the prayer of our fellow believers, calling home their wandering thoughts, and fixing their loving and reverent regard on God as revealed to us in Christ.” He had a keen appreciation of his gift, but also of the obligations involved. He gave careful thought to his prayers in public worship. He said:

There are two inexhaustible storehouses of materials for public prayer. They are humanity and holy Scripture. If we maintain a sympathetic attitude toward our fellow mortals and keep our minds informed regarding their varied needs, we shall never weary of interceding for them to our Father in heaven. Take, for instance, what is called the "long prayer" on Sunday morning. It should consist, so we are told, of adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and intercession. In adoration, we form a vivid conception of the Being to whom we pray. In thanksgiving, we express our gratitude for his mercies. In confession, we tell him how sorry we are for our sins. When we come to the intercession, there opens a boundless vista.

In his public prayer he radiated the spirit of devotion, and was accustomed to express in chaste language and with the finest delicacy the deeper human aspirations. But few of these prayers have been preserved.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father: For these provisions of thy bounty and for the goodly fellowship of this hour we thank thee. For this great bountiful earth upon the surface of which we live we thank thee. For its luxurious vegetation, its vast material resources, its glorious animal life, we thank thee. For its forests, lakes, and streams, for its oceans and glaciers and mountains, for its meadows and orchards and gardens we thank thee. We love this spacious home which thou hast given us, especially its wilder and more rugged aspects. We thank thee for thy protection and deliverance in past dangers, and for the bright hopes thou givest us for future adventures, discoveries, and conquests. May we dwell in the consciousness of thine existence, presence, and changeless regard. May we be faithful to observe trusts. May we give ourselves to the service of humanity, being especially regardful of those of our fellow creatures that are in want or in pain. Grant us in health and prosperity long to live and finally after this life an abundant entrance into thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This was his prayer at the formal opening of the Bartlett Gymnasium at the University of Chicago:

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, who hast taught us by thy holy apostle, Saint Paul, to present our bodies a living

sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto thee, which is our reasonable service, we pray that our whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. According to the riches of thy grace, enable us to account our body as a temple of the Holy Spirit, remembering that we are not our own, but we are bought with a price, and that we should glorify God in our body. Be pleased to accept at our hands this house, which we do hereby consecrate to the glory of God and to the symmetrical development of the bodies which thou hast given us, wherewith to serve thee. We bless thee for the life of thy young servant, whose name this house bears, and whose memory is enshrined within its walls. We give thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. "We feebly struggle, they in glory shine. Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine." May we walk in their steps, and, through thine infinite compassion, be joined to them at the last, entering into their eternal felicity, through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Spirit be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

His benedictions were in themselves sermons, impressive of his gentleness and sweetness of spirit and warmth of devotion.

This was his benediction at the Judson Centennial at Boston:

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night, for the love of thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord. And the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be amongst you and remain with you always. Amen.

IV

AUTHOR

For after all, God thinks more of a man than he does of his work. A man's work may be burned, but the man himself shall be saved as by fire. We are all the time thinking of what we are doing to our work; God is thinking of what our work is doing to us.—*Edward Judson.*

EACH age must act for itself, but it must think other men's thoughts after them if it would conserve its social heritage which is richer than nature's deposits of gold and silver, and more potent than nature's force of electricity. Human progress from generation to generation is possible only by conserving and appropriating the thought of the past which meets the test of experience. It is the purpose of this chapter to preserve some of the most valuable of Edward Judson's writings.

He wrote but two books, "The Life of Adoniram Judson" and "The Institutional Church"; the former was published by the American Baptist Publication Society, and the latter by Lentilhon and Company. He edited, with C. S. Robinson, D. D., the "New Laudes Domini," one of the finest hymn-books, published by the Century Company. He published also an abridged edition of the life of his father. A few years before his death he told the writer that it was his hope to retire to Hamilton before the end should come, to rewrite his "Institutional Church" and to write a book on homiletics. It is unfortunate that this purpose was not fulfilled.

Edward Judson's first literary production was the biography of his father, published in 1883. Because of its delightful personal touch in expression of deserved

appreciation, we quote the following personal letter of March 7, 1883, from George Dana Boardman, Edward Judson's half-brother :

MY DEAR BROTHER EDWARD: Receive our warmest thanks for "The Life of Adoniram Judson by his son Edward Judson."

Trying to guard myself against any preconception in its favor which might rise from personal considerations, I have sought to read it as though I had never heard of the author nor had information with the subject. Let me then say that I have read the book with intense interest. It is straightforward, compact, clear, vivid, inspiring, uplifting. It is so full of noble things that I want half a day to talk with you about them. . .

This work is historically accurate, pleasing in its arrangement, discerning in the materials used, and finely expresses a son's affection. It gives a fair statement of his father's achievements with something of their historic results. However, as a literary production it does not compare in style and finish with his writings of later years.

Doctor Judson's greatest literary effort was his "Institutional Church," published in 1899. We quote again from Doctor Boardman :

The copy of "The Institutional Church," which you kindly sent us, has just come to hand. I have read it with zest, and I trust with personal profit. Your book, small as it is, outweighs tons of theoretical tomes. *It is clear in conception and statement; comprehensive in sweep; definite in details; sympathetic in range; steady in its hand, but adjustable in its fingers; uplifting in its force and direction; Christlike in its spirit and tendency.* I am sure that it will do immeasurable good among all denominations and in all lands.

The late Dr. W. R. Huntington, for many years the eminent rector of Grace Episcopal Church, New York City, wrote:

February 26, 1900.

DEAR DOCTOR JUDSON: The other night I had occasion to address the XIX Century Club on the subject of the "Institu-

tional Church." Your little book, which I read in connection with my preparation for the speech, struck me as so admirable that I cannot forbear expressing my obligation to the author. I read your definition of the institutional church to the audience as a starter for the discussion.

While the book was written to interpret the spirit and work of the *institutional* church, it is a splendid treatise on the mission of the church, and gives an especially clear analysis of the minister's task. Dr. William M. Lawrence says that in the preparation of his lectures on homiletics he has found Doctor Judson's "Institutional Church" more helpful than any other book.

While written for a practical purpose and serving that purpose admirably, the work has rare literary value. It is as artistic in its construction and choice in its diction as the most carefully written essay. It will be prized as a classic statement of the older conception of the institutional church. As much attention will be given in the two succeeding chapters to the subject discussed by this book, we shall not here make extended references to it.

"The Church in Its Social Aspect" was the subject of a monograph reprinted from the "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science" for November, 1907. In a personal note to Doctor Judson, Bishop Henry C. Potter paid his tribute to this careful piece of work:

MY DEAR DOCTOR JUDSON: Accept my sincere thanks for your "The Church in Its Social Aspect." It is altogether admirable for its truth, its frankness, and its timeliness. May God continue abundantly to bless your work.

Affectionately yours,

HENRY C. POTTER.

He used to practical ends his literary genius. His descriptions of down-town church conditions are as finely phrased as they are accurate (see Chapter V), such as:

If the rich and the poor are ever to meet together it must be in the poor man's territory; for money and locomotion are correlative terms. . . Down-town churches succumb to a slow process of decay, just as in some northern lake the construction of a dam causes the water to rise and to submerge the roots of the trees that fringe the shores, so that, lifeless and despoiled of their verdure, they stand there like pale, gaunt skeletons. This mark of decay creeps slowly up the island (Manhattan) as dropsy beginning at the feet climbs up until it floods the vitals.

This gem on *unconscious achievement* was printed in his church calendar :

Greatness is achieved not by direct and eager chase, but while we are looking for something else. It is the little things we get by hot endeavor. The great things come to us, as it were around a corner. We never become beautiful, or eloquent, or popular, or happy, or intellectual, or even good, by hard labor. Whatever we get of such things will come to us when we are most self-forgotten, and most absorbed in the service of our kind, and not when we are living the life of Byron as described by William Watson :

“Too avid of earth's bliss, he was of those
Whom delight flies because they give her chase.
Only the odor of her wild hair blows
Back in their faces hungering for her face.”

In the introduction which he wrote to “The Redemption of the City,” by Charles Hatch Sears, he made this discerning statement on the advent of the foreigner into our American cities :

Instead of regarding the foreigner as the last straw that breaks the camel's back, we are coming to see that he may prove the very salvation of our churches. The presence of leguminous plants, beans for instance, growing in the midst of tall standing corn, strikes us at first as being an intrusion. We resent the dense jungle of verdure that seems to obstruct the growth of the corn and unduly to exhaust the soil. But upon further consideration we learn that these plants, which at first seem to us a menace, enrich the soil by their presence, since they are all the time drawing the free nitrogen out of the air and storing

it away in the nodules at their roots underground, so that a given area will produce twenty per cent more crop with less exhaustion to the soil than would have been occasioned by the ordinary yield. The coming of the foreigner may prove to be the secret of the renewal of our worn-out ecclesiastical soils in the lower sections of our great cities.

This letter to Dr. Howard Duffield, pastor of the Old First Presbyterian Church, is typical of his sympathy and understanding, and illustrates his pure diction:

MY DEAR DR. DUFFIELD: I deeply regret that I am unavoidably prevented from coming to you this afternoon. I want to congratulate you on the completion of ten years of honest, faithful service in New York. Your presence has been felt in this part of the city like a healing touch. Under the hydraulic pressure of difficulty incident to work in a down-town field you have kept sweet and brave. You have been brotherly to the rest of us who have shared with you the task of making New York better through the diffusion of the gospel of Christ in this neighborhood. Your church and mine are little more than a stone's throw apart, but there have been no stones thrown between us. We have dwelt together in unity. You have shunned sensational methods and that success which is the child of bad qualities. I am twice as old as you are as regards living in New York, having been here over twenty years to your ten; and, if I may judge from my own residence in this community, you will find your second decade happier and sunnier than the first. This is my fervent wish and prayer. The blessing of God Almighty remain with you and the "Old First" always. I remain,

December 8, 1901.

Yours with warmest esteem.

To a much-esteemed member of his church upon her application for a church letter, he wrote:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Oh, no! I have not forgotten you, and all your kindness to me, and sympathy with our work, and fidelity to the church here in lower New York, where we have to struggle even to exist. And I was very glad to hear from you and about you, for I miss you to this day. . . Remembering gratefully the old days when you were with us, and thanking you for your

letter, and praying that you may be ever kept by our kind heavenly Father in his perfect safety and peace, I remain,

Your affectionate friend and former pastor.

This letter is prized by one of his associates:

Mrs. Judson and I unite in sending you our heartfelt congratulations on the safe arrival of — and rejoice that she and her mother are doing well. The enrichment of life through the birth of a little child is about the most signal blessing that can come into a home, and we thank the Father for this gift which he has bestowed upon you two, whom we have so long known and esteemed that we feel that we can enter with full sympathy into your joy.

To a friend he wrote:

I take the greater pleasure in sending you this information, because you have always been such a help and comfort to me in my efforts to build in lower New York, among the homes of the poor, *a church edifice that shall not only preserve in beautified and permanent form the unspeakably precious memories of our early missionary history, but will contribute to the solution of the difficult and pressing problem of the city evangelization.* I remain yours with warmest gratitude and esteem.

He did not often write a sharp letter, but he knew how to administer a deserved rebuke:

I do not think the cause of truth is helped by our putting into circulation general impressions which may do injustice to our sincere fellow believers. I am reminded of George Eliot's allusion to the fatal gift of generalization which gives man so great a superiority in mistake over the dumb animals.

He was especially apt in epigrams. He could compress much wisdom into a little space. *For example:

The highest egoism and the purest altruism are identical.
Selfishness spoils the fairest endeavor.
Success resides in longevity and good behavior.
Character is the parent of comfort.

There is no foundation of character but the Christian religion.

Such long residence subjects the character to a severe test. What we are, is sure to transpire. People find us out. If we are bad we had better move often.

A lie has too long legs altogether for a man to spend any time to catch up with it.

I always like to be in good company evenings. Almost anybody can be good forenoons, but when the afternoon has worn away, and night comes with its temptations and dangers, I always seek the company of people who are better than I.

The body nailed to the cross was a healthy body.

The stuff that we handle in New York is indeed very stiff to the touch.

It is only in the slow acid of time that the hard crystals of difficulty can be dissolved.

As Carlyle has it, "He burned his own smoke." He did not blow it into the nostrils of others. The man in the street feels the force of Goethe's remark, "I will take any man's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself, I have enough of my own."

It is with age as with poverty, the first pinch is the sharpest. Victor Hugo said that he was a great deal older at fifty than at sixty; for fifty is the age of youth, sixty is the youth of age.

These striking sentences are taken from his contribution to the biography of Dr. William N. Clarke, and quoted through the courtesy of the author, Mrs. William N. Clarke:

Doctor Clarke's character gave a carrying quality to his doctrine.

The best Christians in the churches are those who do not know it.

He was like a tree that bears fruit, not by trying, but because it has so much life that it does not know what to do with it, and so turns it into fruit.

He knew the secret of kindling into fruitage the minds of others. He was a good listener. You never found in him the glazed eye, when you were doing the talking. Like the woman of the French salons, he had the art of intellectual irritation. He

drew out of you your best thoughts, like the eminent pedagogue, who said, "I teach not; I awaken!"

He took the impress of your thought, without urging his own.

He was a master of irony, but was accustomed to apply it not to particular individuals, but to classes or to humanity as a whole:

According to a suggestive saying of the Man of Nazareth, some of us are human jackals, always in search of some comfortable burrow in which to curl up and take our rest, or like birds of the air seeking their roosting-places in the branches of some great tree; others of us are like the great tree itself, into which all kinds of chased and tired birds fly for refuge.

We are too much like a company of home militia that enlisted with the express understanding that they were never to be taken out of the country unless it should be invaded.

The seminal minds out of which all reforms emerge are proverbially cautious and reserved. Like Erasmus, they are apt to say: "Let others affect martyrdom; as for me, I do not consider myself worthy of the honor."

There was sometimes a subtle pessimistic note in his thought, though often it may have been only a just estimate of life's experience.

Every kind of philanthropy has its undertow. In this perverse world some harm is always mixed with the good we do. Even kindness casts a shadow.

It is a part of the irony of life, that youth, with all its immaturity and meager experience, is required to make decisions upon which the whole subsequent career hinges.

A single lifetime is too short for the accomplishment of anything. Two lifetimes have to be spliced together. We can only make a few tracks in the snow which those coming after us will see and follow home.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin
And all I fail of win."

His frequent use of such words as the following can be understood only in the light of his hard experiences:

When the glowing lava of thought has once grown cold, having crystallized itself into mischievous institutional forms, it is hard to melt it all over again, and start anew.

Though often depressed by the actual, he had a sublime faith in the ideal. His rugged faith found frequent expression—a faith not born of hope in his own achievements, but in the ultimate plans of God.

The operations of God, slow in their beginnings, hasten to their conclusion with thunder speed. An apple tree is slow to come to the point of bearing, but a little time suffices for the ripening of the apple. The withered foliage clings to the branches of the trees, and is reluctant to let go, but a day comes in autumn when the air is full of falling leaves.

If we keep in the midstream of the divine will, we release forces whose beneficent action is registered in distant and unexpected places. This is the secret of all enduring influence. In doing the duty nearest us, we are like the bumblebee that, in search for honey, plunging his proboscis down among the fragrant petals of some gorgeous blossom, unconsciously dislodges and distributes the pollen, thus promoting the cross-fertilization of plants. The best work he is doing, he knows nothing about. He is making the wilderness bloom like the rose.

How can the human spirit find rest anywhere for the sole of her foot at such a cataclysmic time? Is there a calm eye at the center of this cyclone? Some seek for peace in the monomania of atheism. They think our health depends upon our minds being entirely disinfected from religious ideas. We should not wrestle with religion, but forget it. Our atheism itself, if we become conscious of it and try to justify it, becomes a kind of religion.

There is always something occurring that jostles us out of our composure when we prepare to settle down in a long sleep in the materialistic theory of the universe. The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it.

“Just when we are safest, there’s a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one’s death,
A chorus ending from Euripides,

And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears
As old and new at once as Nature's self
To rap and knock and enter in our soul
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring
Round the ancient idol, on its base again
The grand Perhaps."

These two choice observations are from his lecture on Matthew Arnold:

Compassion for the sorrows of our fellow creatures, the lower animals, is one of the high-water marks of civilization. It seems to be a part of that fund of altruism deposited in human history by the Man of Nazareth, whose tender regard for the sparrow falling to the ground, the doves in their wicker cages, the laboring and heavy-laden beasts of burden, and the lost sheep pathetically pressing its head against the shepherd's neck, seems so strangely out of touch with the habits and sentiments of the age to which he belonged, and of Oriental life as we see it now.

But in Matthew Arnold, a sort of high priest of Nature, as he was, the druidical temperament was softened by sympathy with humanity. He will always be read, because he puts into classical form the soul's saddest moods. His tone is pessimistic, in contrast with Browning's robust optimism. He finds us when our spirits are at their lowest ebb. Such men comfort us not so much for any positive truth that they offer, as because they have felt our mental pain and interpret us to ourselves, just as a cool soothing hand on a fevered brow is more than medicine.

'A mind reveals itself by what it feeds upon. One of the most interesting discoveries made in the preparation of this work has been the wealth of choicest quotations from masterpieces of English literature, both in prose and in poetry, with which Doctor Judson's files were stocked. The range of these quotations, their generally healthy tone, their depth of human sympathy, well illustrate the breadth of Edward Judson's sympathy and literary taste. He says:

You can hardly find anywhere any more exquisite cries of pain than in Matthew Arnold as when he wrote, "The guide of our dark steps," etc.

He contrasts Arnold with Browning and with William Watson, who more truly represented Doctor Judson's own feeling.

His plaintive misgivings regarding age and death are in strong contrast with the iron hopefulness of Browning, who

"Never doubted clouds would break;
Never dreamed though right were worsted, wrong would triumph.
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."

Even William Watson strikes a more cheerful note:

"Say what you will, the young are happy never.
Give me blest age, beyond the fire and fever—
Past the delight that shatters, hope that stings,
And eager fluttering of life's ignorant wings."

"How often since his departure," he said of Doctor Clarke, "have come to my mind Browning's great lines about the 'Death in the Desert'":

[We shall] "not see him any more
About the world with his divine regard!
For all was as I say, and now the man
Lies as he lay once, breast to breast with God."

With delicate feeling he says:

They remind you of the voiceless of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes so pathetically sings:

"O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his [cordial] wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses."

It may be some old missionary or retired minister with

"Hearts worn out with many wars,
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars."

Choice and apt quotations found their way into his sermons, as this from George Eliot:

The days and the months pass over us like restless little birds, and leave the marks of their feet backward and forward; especially when they are like birds with heavy hearts, then they tread heavily.

On several occasions he used this quotation as applicable to certain men gifted in organization:

I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town grow into a large city.

He liked to trace to their sources familiar quotations. These phrases, he says, were some of Matthew Arnold's verbal contributions to the English language:

"Sweetness and light," "sweet reasonableness," the "power outside of us that makes for righteousness," "conduct being three-fourths of life," and many single words like "Philistines," "Barbarians," "Zeitgeist," have become an integral part of English speech.

In a tribute to the well-known Lewis family of Hamilton he says:

They resemble the character described by Homer—who endeared himself to all men; for he befriended them all, living in a house by the side of the road.

These words are as truly descriptive of his own attitude:

Her plain-song piety preferred
 Pure life to precept. If she erred
 She knew her faults. Her softest word
 Was for the erring.

On the other hand, he had learned with Emerson the significance of a "warlike attitude" which "the man within the breast assumes" if he would meet life as it is; or as Goethe has it:

Thou must rise or fall,
 Thou must rule and win,
 Or else serve and lose,
 Suffer or triumph,
 Be anvil or hammer.

His soul had felt the contrast in the following lines for no man loved the fields better than he. He remarked to the writer one time that quiet was a luxury not to be had in a big town.

WHAT CHRIST SAID

I said, "Let me walk in the fields;"

He said, "Nay, walk in the town;"

I said, "There are no flowers there;"

He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the sky is black,

There is nothing but noise and din;"

But he wept as he sent me back—

"There is more," he said, "there is sin."

I said, "But the air is thick,

And fogs are veiling the sun;"

He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,

And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,

And friends will miss me, they say;"

He answered me, "Choose to-night

If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given;

He said, "Is it hard to decide?"

It will not seem hard in heaven

To have followed the steps of your Guide."

—George Macdonald.

Florence Wilkinson struck a note to which his heart responded, for had he not dedicated his life to such as those of whom she speaks in "The Flower Factory"?

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,

They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one—

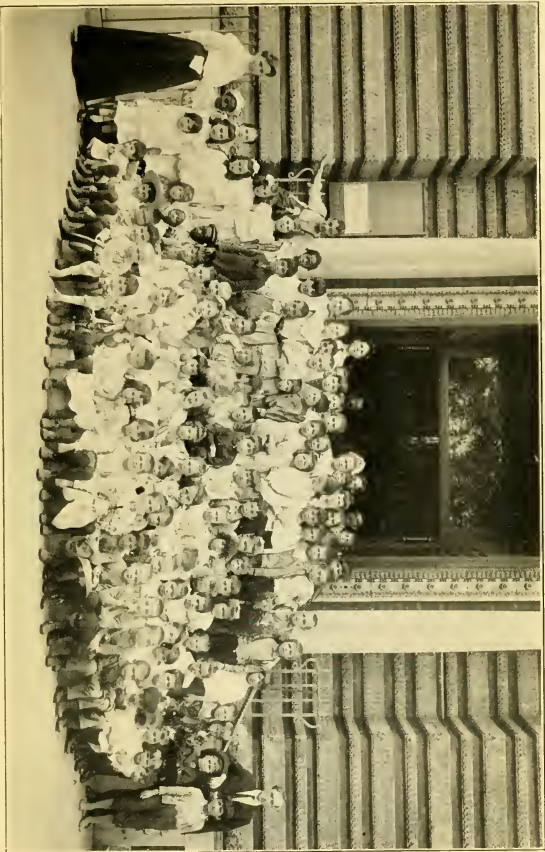
Little children who have never learned to play;

Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache to-day,

Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray.

High above the clattering street, ambulance, and fire-gong beat,

They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one.



CHURCH VACATION SCHOOL GROUP

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
 They have never seen a rose-bush nor a dewdrop in the sun.
 They will dream of the vendetta, Teresina, Fiametta,
 Of a Black Hand and a face behind a grating;
 They will dream of cotton petals, endless, crimson, suffocating,
 Never of a wild-rose thicket nor the singing of a cricket;
 But the ambulance will bellow through the wanness of their
 dreams,
 And their tired lids will flutter with the street's hysteric screams.

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
 They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one.
 Let them have a long, long playtime, Lord of Toil, when toil is
 done!
 Fill their baby hands with roses, joyous roses of the sun.

He felt the appeal of such poems as Kipling's "If," and even of such lines as "The Things That Count," by Clarence Urmy. In his sermons he used with telling effect his ability to memorize readily long quotations from the best writers.

These words, often on his lips, especially during his last years, were understood by his friends as a reflection of his faith in the ultimate triumph of his ideals:

Before the monstrous wrong he sets him down—
 One man against a stone-walled city of sin.
 For centuries those walls have been a-building;
 Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
 The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
 No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.
 He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
 A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
 Let him lie down and die; what is the right,
 And where is justice, in a world like this?
 But by and by, earth shakes herself, impatient;
 And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
 Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.
 When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
 Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

—E. R. Sill.

An institutional church, then, is an organized body of Christian believers, who finding themselves in a hard and uncongenial environment, supplement the ordinary methods of the gospel—such as preaching, prayer-meetings, Sunday School, and pastoral visitation—by a system of organized kindness, a congeries of institutions, which by touching people on physical, social, and intellectual sides, will conciliate them and draw them within reach of the gospel.—*Edward Judson.*

THE CITY TO WHICH HE CAME

NO other generation witnessed social changes as great as those which occurred during the thirty years that Doctor Judson lived and worked in lower New York, and certainly few men have been permitted to have so large a part in working them out as did he.

Ex-Ambassador Bryce, in speaking of the political conditions in New York in the early eighties, said:

Evils in politics, which thirty years ago were considered so normal that people assumed them to be necessary, are now considered scandals which must be attacked and expunged. I remember seeing William M. Tweed during his day, and I remember talking to some of your good citizens of New York in those days, and I remember that in those days it was thought that New York was lying helpless under a yoke that could not be shaken off. Municipal misgovernment was supposed to be a natural and necessary feature of popular government. Democracy was bearing, so men said, its proper fruit. Fortunately, there arose a generation of men who started reform in New York.

In the same year that Lord Bryce spoke these words Edward Judson referred to "that social compunction which formed the high-water mark of our civilization."

No such high-water mark was visible in 1881. That was before the charity organization movement had taken definite form in New York. Such an organization had been effected in New Haven and in Philadelphia in 1878; in Cincinnati and in Brooklyn the following year, but not until 1882 in New York. Many social activities now related to the Charity Organization Society were not then in existence. Hundreds of the charities now listed in the charities directory had not so much as been thought of.

There was no municipal wood-yard to test the sincerity of those who professed willingness to work, and to assist them with temporary relief. It was several years later, under the reform administration of Mayor Strong, that a municipal lodging-house was established (1898). The maimed, the halt, and the blind were seen in large numbers upon the public highways because neither public nor private charity had been organized to meet the real needs and to sift the false from the true.

That was before tenement-house reform had recognition or fruitage. It was during those days when one-quarter of the children "never grew up to lisp the sacred name of mother," one-third "never reached their third year," and one-half "never reached manhood or womanhood," as Jacob Riis later pointed out; but that was years before Jacob Riis had gained any recognition. It was at the time of the rear tenement-house, in which the death-rate was three times greater than in houses standing in single rows. The city had not yet learned the significance of Manning's statement that "Domestic life creates a people," and had not shared in Lord Shaftesbury's conviction: "I am certain that until their domiciliary conditions are Christianized (I can use no less forcible term), all hope of moral and social improvement is utterly vain. The question of the housing of the people is in a very real sense a religious question."

The day of the settlement house had not yet dawned in America; indeed, at that very time Arnold Toynbee was working at the settlement idea in St. Jude, London. Two years later the first university settlement was founded by Oxford men; but it was not until 1889 that the first settlement was established in New York—the College Settlement, soon followed by the University Settlement in New York and Hull House in Chicago—all in response to that social compunction which was finding expression.

The Fresh-air Movement was just taking shape. In 1877 the Rev. Willard Parsons, late manager of the Tribune Fresh-air Fund, took children from New York as guests of his congregation in Sherman, Pennsylvania. In 1881 the movement was still in its swaddling-clothes.

At that time the municipality did not have any sense of social obligation. Doctor Judson had been in New York nearly ten years before there was any marked social evolution in the public schools. Public lectures were instituted by the Board of Education in 1889; kindergartens were introduced in 1893. In those days there were no roof-gardens, public playgrounds, recreation centers, nor vacation schools. The municipality was waiting for the church to lead it into social ministry, as indeed it had waited for the church to establish the first schools.

But *social compunction* had found meager expression in the church itself. The church had not learned how to organize this social impulse, for while it had always recognized the duty of the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak, it had counted upon the spirit of neighborliness and the hand of private charity to meet neighborhood needs, except as there had long been the necessity of gathering children into orphanages and other dependents into other special institutions. But the church had not learned to adjust itself to the social problems of the

congested tenement districts, for they were a new social phenomenon.

The term "institutional church" had not been coined. It was first used by President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, in a public address in Boston; or, more strictly, he referred to the Berkeley Temple as *institutionalizing*, but was quoted as having referred to Berkeley Temple as an *institutional church*; thus it was through a newspaper blunder that the term was used. There were few churches that were making any attempt to institutionalize—they had not thought to "socialize." It had become the tendency of the family church to minister to exclusive classes in restricted neighborhoods, and the church had followed families up-town as though impelled by a great economic force.

New York City has never been characteristically American. It has ever been on the frontier of successive foreign invasions. As a geologist may trace geological history by a study of rock formation, stratified by successive deposits, so New York's racial history may be traced by the stratification of its people. At the time Doctor Judson came to New York the leading foreign groups were German and Irish—neither at that time assimilated, each creating racial aversions just as the Italians, and the Russians, and the Poles have created like antagonisms since.

Neither social organizations nor the churches had arisen to their high opportunities either to Americanize or to Christianize these foreign elements. Classes for teaching English to foreigners were hardly known. The church had not given the gospel in the *mother tongue* except to a few nationalities. According to the City Record for 1881 the only organized non-English-speaking Protestant churches outside of the Lutheran group were for the Germans, the Swedes, and the Welsh.

In his own denomination Doctor Judson found foreign-speaking churches only for the Germans and the Swedes. There were religious services for the Jews and for the Chinese, and the year of his arrival in New York a mission for the French was opened by the Baptist City Mission Society. In the summer of 1881 Tent Evangel, said to be the first organized tent movement in New York, was opened by the same society.

A comparative study of the denominational strength of Protestant churches in New York City for 1881 is not available, but we are indebted to the New York "Evening Post" for such a study based on the figures for 1882. The relative strength of the several leading denominations was as follows: Episcopal, 25,733; Presbyterian, 21,520; Baptist, 13,027; Methodist, 12,856; Reformed, 6,869; Congregational, 2,449; a total of 82,454 for the six leading denominations as compared with 67,940 in the former decade. This study does not include the several branches of the Lutherans, which have now come to occupy second place.

At that time among the leading figures in the several denominations in New York City were: Baptist, Dr. Thomas Armitage, Dr. Robert S. MacArthur, and Dr. William R. Williams; Episcopal, Dr. Henry C. Potter (rector of Grace Church); Lutheran, Dr. G. U. Wenner, Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, and Dr. G. F. Krotel; Presbyterian, Dr. John Hall, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, and Dr. Howard Crosby; Congregational, Dr. W. M. Taylor.

The New York "Post" in 1888 gave this interesting observation on religious conditions on the basis of a ten-year survey:

Within five years nearly or quite a quarter of million souls have been added to the population of the metropolis, and it is important as well as instructive, to know to what extent this addition to our social integral has become a part of the organ-

ized religious life of the community, and to what school of thought or form of worship, if to any, it most conspicuously tends. In view of the social agitations forced upon the American people in late years by the enormous influx of alien elements, the inquiry has something more than a merely speculative interest. It is admitted on all sides that the church is a social conservator. It needs to be stated that in this city the Christian Church as a numerical aggregate, at least as far as most of the Protestant denominations are concerned, falls steadily behind the ratio of increase in population. Only one denomination, the Episcopalian, has exceeded the ratio of growth in population. That the problem of Christianizing this heterogeneous and indifferent population is not a simple one needs not to be pointed out. That money is an important element admits of no doubt.

These conclusions are borne out by an extract from the report of the Trinity Corporation in 1877:

In consequence of the sale and removal of churches, the lower part of the city of New York has become a mission field, in the strict sense of the words. The old parish churches have disappeared, the clergymen are gone, the public worship of Almighty God has ceased in places where it had long been carried on, and little remains to call to the minds of the population the truths that there is a Supreme Being, and that it is the duty of man to believe in him, to fear him, to love him, and to honor his holy day and name.

Such was New York as Edward Judson found it. No finer analysis of the situation can be found than that given by him:

Just as soon as the island widens out northward, business tends to fringe the water-fronts and the main thoroughfares, and it ascends skyward by means of elevators, and there are left in the interstices behind the congested masses of population, denser than anywhere else in the world. People are packed together in tenement-houses like sardines in a box.

The Latin and Celtic races predominate over the Saxon. Materialistic and sacramentarian notions form the religion of the people. Evangelical people are fleeing, as from a plague, and their places are rapidly being filled by families that are unresponsive to your gospel. Day and night you are confronted

by the hideous forms of pauperism, prostitution, intemperance, and crime. You are like one who with great expense and pains builds a library in a place where people have no taste for books.

The streets swarm with children like a rabbit-warren. There is a saloon on every corner. These people outvote us at every election. We catch their diseases. The miasma from this social swamp steals upward and infects our whole municipal life, and our cities determine the character and destiny of our country. We must be either hammer or anvil—either subdue these people with the gospel or in the end be assimilated by them.

Now these great masses of people left down-town by the upward trend of business and genteel residences, and composed largely of foreign elements dominated by materialistic or sacramentarian notions, constitute at our very doors a mission field of unparalleled richness and promise. But, like all rich mission fields, it is hard to work, and, if neglected, becomes a menace. We have a new and very dangerous phase of social alienation. The tendency is for the intelligent, well-to-do, and church-going people to withdraw little by little from this part of the city.

This, he said, is the impression which the flight of churches makes on working men:

An untutored working woman or man who toils hard and long for what will buy but little of life's needs, who has seen congregation after congregation leave the lower districts of our city because fashion is retreating northward before the advance of business and it is not considered pleasant or in the best form to maintain a church in a region whose private houses are being gradually transformed into tenements—any hard-pressed wage-worker not blessed with strong faith in God, who has seen Christianity moving out of his neighborhood into the precincts of wealth, and the churches dying as it were before his eyes, is apt to feel somehow as if Christianity were deserting him, as if, because there is a deep snow-drift in front of my door, I should infer that there is deep snow all over the plain. His belief in a good God, in a providing Father, seems to weaken, and we must not be surprised that doubt, at last, supplants faith and atheism grows. So come despair and hopelessness, carelessness and improvidence. There is no founda-

tion for character but the teachings of the Christian religion. This character which alone can bear comfort must be built up by the church.

He characterized thus the tendency of the church:

We are like a working man who uses his strongest tools where is the easiest work to do, or a general who turns his heaviest guns upon the weakest point in the enemy's line, or a physician who injects his medicine into the least diseased portions of his patient's body. We make a mistake of huddling our best preachers and our most amply equipped churches in that part of the city where they are least needed, and where refining influences are most abundant; and, on the other hand, just where the population is densest and materialism most strongly entrenched, we bring to bear our weakest and poorest appliances. It is as though during a cold night one should unconsciously gather the bedclothes up around one's neck, leaving the extremities stark and chill.

With searching sarcasm he analyzed the work of the minister who is shrewd enough to seek a "favorable" location for his church.

If he is a shrewd man, he will always be careful to select such a spot—where the social currents converge in his favor. He will call it securing a "strategic position." But the very swiftness of your success awakens misgivings. You are surprised that with this environment the church of Christ should advance with such long, easy strides. You begin to ask yourself the question that fell from the lips of the aged patriarch Isaac when his younger son undertook to palm himself off as the elder, and spread before him the savory but premature dish of venison, "How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?" You proceed to analyze the audience you have gathered, and you discover it is composed of people who went to church before. You explore the ecclesiastical pedigree of those who fill your pews, and you find them *registered*. You have only succeeded in getting a handful here, and a handful there, from this church and from that. There is no production of new material. It is merely a sleight-of-hand performance, as when you turn a kaleidoscope, and the same identical pieces of glass shift and form a new combination. You have really made no impression

upon the great non-churchgoing man. The acute pleasure you feel in seeing so many people in your church is a good deal mitigated by the thought that another minister here and there is correspondingly depressed by noting their absence from his.

He placed the responsibility for the weakness of the churches down-town, not so much upon the few who remain, as upon the many who in taking up residence in more favored locations, assume no responsibility for the district they have left:

The wealthier people are moving into the suburbs; they come into the city to make their bread, but go into the suburbs to make their homes. This tendency is accelerated as the means of transportation are made more perfect. The very poor are left behind in this general decampment, and being out of sight are naturally out of mind. To live in New York in these times requires something of the spirit of self-sacrifice to which Nehemiah alludes in the words: "The people blessed all the men who willingly offered themselves to dwell at Jerusalem."

Down-town churches succumb to the slow process of decay, just as in some great northern lake the construction of a dam causes the water to rise and to submerge the roots of the trees that fringe its shores, so that lifeless and despoiled of their verdure, they stand there like pale, gaunt skeletons. And this march of decay creeps slowly up the island, as dropsy, beginning with the feet, climbs slowly up until it floods the vitals.

If the rich and the poor are ever to meet together, it must be in the poor man's territory; for money and locomotion are correlative terms.

What was *his* strategy?

It is not strange that many good people are shy of church institutionalism. They say that what we want is "the simple gospel," and, if Christ be lifted up, he will draw all men to him. But the difficulty is to bring men within *reach* of the gospel. How shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? The preacher is often like one who rings a silver bell in a vacuum. What is the use of transmuting the gospel into atmospheric vibrations, if there are no ears within the reach of these vibrations? Church institutionalism is nothing more than systematic, organized kindness, which conciliates the hostile and

indifferent, alluring them within reach, and softening their hearts for the reception of the word of life. It can never take the place of the gospel. All the old, tried methods must be conserved—well-thought-out and inspiring sermons, attractive prayer-meetings and Sunday School, faithful and painstaking pastoral visitation. The worst-off need the best we have of preaching, music, architecture—all the rest, not cold victuals and a servants' dining-room—a church, not a mission. My own rule is to preach twice a Sunday, attend my Sunday School, conduct my weekly prayer-meetings, and make fifty calls a week.

His thought was not to establish a mission, but that the church should take up its mission. He says :

Rescue missions, gospel halls, and the like are only feeble and hectic substitutes for vigorous church organizations. The church should have its missions in a social swamp, and begin by being itself a mission.

His hope was in the ministry of the local church, not in the service of Christian people through other organizations.

In my opinion this definite social organism, the local church, a group of Christians who meet habitually in one place for worship, the preaching of the word, and the celebration of the sacraments, contains the potency for the cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to. Here lies the solution to every social problem. Let no other society displace in our consciousness the local church.

Such was Edward Judson's theory ; how did he attempt to apply it? He built in faith—faith in God, in the people, in himself, and in his method. His commitment of himself was absolute and irrevocable :

I have heard "the sound of the going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and I have tried to bestir myself for the battle. I believe there is before me an invisible guide, and I propose to follow him. I do not dream of such a thing as want of real success. There is not a spot on Manhattan Island so favorably located as this for a church. I have studied this island carefully. The blessing is to come.

With these words he closed his sermon on the third Sunday of his pastorate, October 23, 1881. This was his challenge to his church.

Without neglecting preaching, the prayer-meeting, and pastoral visitation, he at once brought into being a system of organized kindness—a congeries of institutions which the neighborhood needed and which marked an epoch in the method of the Church.

Children made an instant appeal to him. He felt that “the key to the problem of city evangelization is held in the puny hands of a little child.” Both quantitatively and qualitatively, the child seemed to have the primacy. During his first summer in New York he instituted fresh-air work. The first home to be established was known as the Kinmuth Memorial, located in Hamilton, New York; the second among the hills of Vermont, at Brattleboro; the third at Little Silver, New Jersey. To each of these homes, as indeed to private houses, the children were sent for periods of two weeks each. This fresh-air work was not limited to children, but included the aged and the sick, and overworked shop-girls. Those who were ill—some of them victims of cruel social surroundings—were sent to special homes for the whole summer. It would be difficult to find service of a higher grade than that of Miss Anna L. Isham, now Mrs. Owen A. Palmer, of Brooklyn, who assisted Doctor Judson for many years in this department of work.

A ministry unique at the time was established during these early years. A drinking-fountain, supplied with chilled water, was installed in the corner of the church building. This fountain, with its social background, is graphically described in the New York “World” of August 15, 1885:

✓ We are losing babies at the rate of forty or fifty a day, the effect of heat alone. . . There are days in this August month



ICE-WATER FOUNTAIN AT CORNER OF CHURCH

of blisters when men say to themselves, "Hang me if I can stand this much longer"—and then they take a drink. It is hard enough for men of serge and flannel, with palm-leaf fans and money, to endure this scorching weather, and observation teaches me that the laborers on the streets manage to sustain the infliction, but how the women and children stand it is a puzzler.

I strolled down the Ninth ward the other day, and turning into Bedford Street, passed an old Baptist church. I saw a crowd surrounding an ice-water fountain. Some children were carrying away water in pitchers and cans, others were drinking, and pronounced the water cool and refreshing. Then a truckman coming in from Varick Street stopped and, stepping down from his wagon, drank the water with an evident relish.

I enjoyed all that, and inquired about the fountain.

Then I learned that the church had placed it there for the accommodation of the people living about, for the purpose of counteracting, in a measure at least, the effects of the liquor shop. First, then, a woman with a well-filled pitcher came from the fountain, and I questioned her. She was full of praise for the people through whose liberality she could get what she could not procure herself. "The fountain is a blessing—indeed it is that," she said earnestly. When her child was sick, and she that poor she couldn't buy ice, and the child cried for a cooling drink, didn't she go in the middle of the night and draw water just as cool and fresh as it was in the middle of the day? "I wouldn't have known what to do without it," she said. "It is a blessing indeed," she repeated with much feeling. "And then," she continued, "when they heard that the child was sick, they sent flowers, and offered to send the child into the country—and I don't even belong there."

When the Memorial Church was erected on Washington Square, this feature of the work was enlarged. The fountain, built into the corner of the church with fine architectural effect, was dedicated to the memory of Rev. Duncan Dunbar, long pastor of the MacDougal Street Baptist Church. Two other ice-water fountains were later installed on the corner of West Third Street and Thompson, in the rear of the church property, one a gift of Helen Gould. At present they are provided

with water chilled by an ice-plant in the engine-room of the Judson Hotel. For a shorter period the Judson Memorial maintained other ice-water fountains at the Industrial Christian Alliance on Bleecker Street; at the Mariners' Temple, Oliver and Henry streets; and at the Second Avenue Baptist Church.

A New York "Sun" reporter more recently has said:

All day long a crowd surrounds the drinking-basin at the Thompson Street corner of the Judson Memorial Baptist Church. The crowd is as cosmopolitan as the neighborhood. About six o'clock in the evening the crowd is thickest; sometimes it is so large as to block the corner.

The visitor from the New York "World," whose words are quoted above, tells this story:

Then I saw some children enter, and I went in with them. The sight which met me would have made any one glad. I saw a lady and some bright healthy children busy with two great baskets of flowers. As quickly as they could be arranged they were put into bouquets; then willing hands received them, and quickly they were on their way to brighten some sick chamber with their fragrance and beauty. The lady in charge kindly and courteously volunteered to give all the information I desired. Twice a week (Tuesdays and Fridays) large baskets of flowers are received and distributed. Willing little girls, only too anxious to do good, carry them to all those in the vicinity who are known to be sick, and to all others who are infirm, and to the aged. Be they of whatever creed or nationality, if a bunch of pretty flowers can cheer or brighten their desolation, they are not forgotten.

The Rev. Edward Simmons, an efficient worker at the church during the last years of Doctor Judson's ministry, has given these interesting flower stories:

Tony is a lad of about seven years, and the leader of the toughest and meanest gang of boys around Washington Square. The gang is composed of fifteen lads of from five to eight years of age, and their main occupation is seeking "chases" and stealing anything they lay their hands upon when they get

a chance. They have been seen to hold up boys and rifle their pockets, and steal toys, velocipedes, and other playthings from the children who spend their playhours in the park.

Tony, the leader and tyrant of the gang, is a little fellow with a large capacity for mischief. Many efforts have been made to reach him and interest him in the church and the services for children, but he has had a grudge against us and has sought every way to trouble us.

The day we received the flowers from the North Orange Church found Tony leading the gang in making life miserable for everybody in sight, and snatching the flowers away from the children who had them. I picked out the most beautiful rose and went out to Tony. He saw a chance to bother me and started in, but when I held out the rose and said, "Here, Tony, I brought this for you," he looked pleased and came and took it. It gave me an opportunity to have a little talk with him. With my arm on his shoulder, and the gang surrounding us, I told him I wanted to be his friend and have him for mine; that if he were to be my friend he must not bother the people and must stop stealing. Then I took the whole gang to the church, and gave them each a little bunch of flowers and Tony a bunch to take to his mother. For the rest of that day at least Tony and his gang were very good, and now when I see them around here, instead of expecting a stone thrown at me, and my hat knocked off, and to be hooted and sworn at, Tony and his followers run up to me to shake hands, and talk about the good times we hope to have this summer. It is the first step, we trust, in winning Tony for Jesus.

Angelina, a little barefooted girl in a dirty ragged dress and with sparkling brown eyes, came for a flower when she saw the other children with them, and so I took her into the room where the flowers were on the table, and she was so amazed at seeing so many that she just stood and looked at them. I told her to help herself to a small bunch, choosing just the kind she wished. She didn't know which ones to take at first, there were so many; then she chose some buttercups. I asked her why she didn't take some of the others, and she said, "They're too pretty; I didn't think you'd let me have any of them." I chose one of each kind to make a little bunch, and gave them to her. It was a beautiful sight to see her happiness, and it was also touching to see her stop every few steps and look at them and kiss them.

The last bunch, some daisies, was given to a little girl whose joy was indescribable as she started out of the door. A lot of children had gathered there to ask for some, among them a crippled girl who made her way on crutches, for both limbs were in braces. When I told them there were no more flowers their faces grew very long and sad, and they envied the little girl with the last bunch. I pointed to her and said, "She has the last of the flowers." Just as I did so she saw the little girl on crutches. Then I realized that there is oftentimes more good in people than we think; for she took the bunch which I knew she prized dearly and divided it with the little cripple.

The history of the kindergarten is an interesting story, for in its evolution it has undergone a marked change. Edward Judson was probably the first in New York City, perhaps in the United States, to establish a church kindergarten. Children under school age, for whom there was no educational and little religious or social provision, appealed strongly to him—but the primary appeal was religious. He saw the opportunity to give young children religious training before they entered the public schools where it would perforce be denied them. Therefore about 1885 he opened a kindergarten, but received children of primary age as well. A nominal tuition of five cents a week was charged. He said:

All systematic study of the Bible is, of necessity, rigidly excluded from our public schools. . . We have indeed the Sunday School as a medium for the impartation of scriptural knowledge; but we fear that this appliance, admirable though it be, is quite inadequate to the mighty task. . . It seems that providentially we are granted, as Christians, one great relief and opportunity amid our difficulties. The church kindergarten opens the way out. The public-school system excludes these extremely little ones, and in fact, I am informed that in the public schools the youngest scholars admitted are very much crowded.

Now, here is the opportunity for the church. Let her take these little ones daily to her bosom, imparting to them in their tender years that nurture which shall enable them through their future career to endure the shocks of skeptical thought.



DAILY KINDERGARTEN

ONE OF THE FIRST CHURCH KINDERGARTENS ESTABLISHED IN NEW YORK

We suggest that this important want may be partially met by the church kindergarten. It should be held in some part of the church edifice. Let there be a session of three hours every day except Saturday and Sunday. Let an intelligent and consecrated lady be the teacher. A half-hour at least each day should be devoted exclusively to interesting and consecutive Bible study. We cannot compete with the State in the education of the older children.

This kindergarten was transferred to the new building on Washington Square, and a second kindergarten was started; later, largely because of financial stress, one was turned over to the management of the Board of Education and the other to the New York Kindergarten Association; another instance of an important activity inaugurated by the church being taken over by the State and stripped of its distinctive character.

Compassion for the child and the instinct of benevolence were so strong in Edward Judson that he planned for the permanent care of young children. Provision for the care of orphans had been made by scores of other institutions, but children whose parents were unfit or unable to care for them had been quite neglected. The very poor do not know how, or are unable, to meet an emergency. It is at these hours of special stress that a helping hand may save a family. So it came about that when the Judson Memorial was erected, arrangement was made for the care of a small company of children through the benevolent provision made in the will of Mr. Hiram Deats, late of Flemington, New Jersey. When it was found that the children could not be cared for advantageously on Washington Square, and that the Home interfered with the success of the Judson Hotel, a fine site was secured in Somerville, New Jersey, and a suitable building erected. From that time to this the Home has sheltered from twenty to thirty helpless children, giving them religious care and kindly nurture. Now the

granting of widows' pensions, the tendency to board dependent children in families, and the later establishment of other homes have decreased the need for this one, and it will probably be used for the children of foreign missionaries.

Far more perplexing than the care of children and with less compensating results is the ministry to the very poor. Much of it is not even remedial, but is frankly palliative, leaving the individuals much as they were, and contributing little or nothing to the solution of the social problem. And yet just that sort of thing was what Edward Judson believed that Christianity stands for as well as for remedial and constructive work. Many years before there was a municipal wood-yard or lodging-house, wood was stored in the cellar of the Berean Church to be cut into kindling by the men and sold by the women. A lodging-house for men was also maintained. In this way the church enabled the very poor to keep soul and body together, while a margin of time was left them for seeking regular employment. "It often happens," he says, "that if you undertake to help a person the relief hurts his self-respect; sometimes it so impairs his independence that he just settles right down on you. In philanthropic work there is a kind of undertow; there is always some evil mixed up with the good you do. The soul naturally looks for gratitude, and yet there is a conspicuous absence of any such response." With characteristic irony he quotes Lord Macaulay as saying on his death-bed that he did not have any enemy except those whom he had befriended. The following letter has interest in this connection. The writer did not have the moral courage to sign it:

MY DEAR SIR: I have intended writing you for some time past. I noticed your drinking-water at the corner was turned off last fall.

I suppose you expect people to drink that water in the summer, and when it is turned off to drink beer, whisky, etc.

Is that your religion?

Why not let it run at one faucet the year round? It certainly would not cost anything to keep it cold in the wintertime, when you have heretofore turned it off.

Trusting you will give this consideration, I am,

Yours truly,

A Christian and near-by tenant.

NEW YORK CITY, March 14, 1903.

This letter is expressive of that "fatal undertow" in charitable work. Society is like *Oliver Twist* with jaws ajar for "more."

At that time he regarded the sewing schools which were conducted by the church as a form of "philanthropy," not as a point of social contact as it is now conceived. He says: "Poor girls meet every Saturday and learn to sew; we furnish the cloth, and every child has the privilege of keeping the garments which she makes."

Doctor Judson maintained a coal-yard for a time, where coal could be purchased at reasonable rates. One of the great hardships of the poor is the exorbitant prices they must pay for inferior products. In that day when there were few heated tenements, the suffering of the poor in winter was cruel. The cost of the buckets of coal became almost prohibitive. That was before the era of health reform in matters of food. Milk was commonly sold which would now be consigned to the sewer. The poor were the most ready victims of this rapacity. For this reason milk was sold by the Berean Church in sealed jars at seven cents a quart. Announcement was made that if any profit should be derived from the sale, it would be used in establishing a free reading-room or library, or for other philanthropic purposes. The practical difficulties were so great that the milk-depot was soon abandoned.

Doctor Judson always had sympathy for gentle folks who, because of circumstances beyond their control, were reduced to want.

Too often he employed people, not because of what they could do, but because of what they needed. Not a few ministers received temporary appointments for work at the Memorial Church on this basis. Indeed, it was one of Doctor Judson's dreams to establish what he called a *ministerial wood-yard* for employing ministers who might be able to do some good, and yet whose efficiency would not justify compensation on a *quid pro quo* basis.

During the early years Doctor Judson thought of church institutionalism primarily as a form of philanthropy. He would have each church encircled by a "congeries of institutions" ministering to the ignorant and suffering. We shall find in the next chapter that while appreciating the changing conception of the institutional church, he had the earlier conception more deeply embedded in his consciousness.

That Edward Judson's work stood for the helpful contact of strong personalities with needy lives, and not for mere institutionalized religion, is evidenced by this admirable sketch on "Pastoral Visitation," drawn by the Rev. James M. Bruce, long Doctor Judson's associate, and to this day a member of the Memorial Church and an intelligent supporter of its work and ideals.

The parish of a down-town church has no geographical limitations, and my day begins rather off my beat, with a morning visit in one of the west "forties." A young working girl, known in our church from childhood, had fallen suddenly ill. The home in which I seek her is a ground-floor flat. Its entire front is a shop, or, more accurately, two shops, with a slit of a door for each. One is a candy shop; the other is a grocery. "Come in ze kitchen, come in ze kitchen; I guess zat's 'e bes' room we got in ze house." The only window opens on an airshaft, which the boldest imagination could not glorify into

a court. Her mother explains, mostly in French, that Marguerite "overlifted" herself at the factory, and the consequence was a hemorrhage, which nearly cost her her life. The wan, limp girl in the corner feebly protests that she will soon be all right.

Madam begs me to take some coffee. Looking at the bowl of inky fluid, I am inclined to agree with my austere clerical friend, who insists that the "black drinks," tea and coffee, must be included in any total abstinence that deserves the name.

To talk and pray with this honest, rough woman and her finer-grained daughter was a pleasant service. But my task became exigent and critical when I attempted to recommend a new plan for the young girl to the approval of her father. He was German Swiss, a Romanist, a habitual beer-guzzler, and in general a grumpy fellow. My scheme would cut off Marguerite's paltry earnings at the factory, although it meant improved health for her, and eventually assured self-support by an art she loved.

But now I am almost due in Charlton Street for a baby's funeral. Through a stone-paved hall and up a staircase made even more crooked by dilapidation than by its eccentric design, I grope my way to the third-floor room, with adjacent sleeping closet, where the family of four surviving children and father and mother have what it would be cruel irony to call their home.

The mother is combing her hair at one of the windows in preparation for the funeral ceremony. As I enter she hastily thrusts under the stove a can of tea, as she insistently explains, to keep it warm. I notice that the "tea" is covered with a whitish froth.

The whole scene gains an added touch of vulgarity from the frowsy fineries of the eldest daughter of the house, who has recently married a cartman, and has come in her nuptial be-deckments to assist at the obsequies. She stands beside the humble bier, and howls at intervals with a perfectly artificial display of what she deems appropriate grief. Presently her blear-eyed boy of a husband appears, unwashed and in his shirt sleeves. I have been looking around for the father, and before beginning the service ask where he is. "In the bedroom resting after being up so much with the baby." As the baby died two days ago, and was only sick a few hours, this extreme paternal fatigue seems hardly warranted by the circumstances. I have already heard heavy snoring through the windowless hole which supplies the sleeping closet with such air as it gets. Stepping inside the doorway, I discover, as I expected, the head of the family

in a drunken stupor on the loathly bed. Any effort to arouse him would be hopeless, and I go through the sad office of burial to the accompaniment of his stertorous respiration. As the undertaker's bill had to be paid for these not very reputable parishioners out of the church's overdrawn benevolent fund, it was necessary to reduce the funeral cortège to a single coach, in which the coffin and mourners must go together. I left the afflicted family wrangling fiercely over the limited number of places for the coveted ride to the cemetery.

My next duty is to search out, in a dank cellar of the City Hall, a pension agent to whom I have been referred on behalf of another of our beneficiaries. I don't quite relish ranging myself, even by proxy, with the horde of applicants who are so rapidly depleting the national treasury.

The pension agent, an expansive and unctuous person, assured me that my case could be in no better hands than his, but failed to tell me when, if at all, it was likely to be acted on.

I had an errand in Ludlow Street, not far from Canal, and as I passed through the latter thoroughfare my attention was arrested by a spectacle in striking contrast with the Charlton Street function I have described. This too was a baby's funeral, but on a scale of magnificence unprecedented in my mortuary experiences. A brass band of twelve pieces, in a state of sonorous activity, was just emerging from the kaleidoscopic Neapolitan vista of Mulberry Street.

Soon after Doctor Judson began his work, the French mission, referred to above, came under the care of the Berean Church—one of the first instances in New York City of an individual church conducting religious services regularly in two languages. At that time the French were the leading foreign people in the neighborhood of the Berean Church. Finally, when the Italians came to take the places of the French, the French mission gave way to an Italian mission. At the writing an Italian mission and a church for the Letts are housed in the Judson Memorial.

Doctor Judson's experience convinced him of two things, first that he was making a right approach to a perplexing problem, and secondly, that he needed better



OPEN-AIR ITALIAN SERVICE AT CORNER OF CHURCH

equipment. Back of this was a great desire fittingly to memorialize the life of his father.

As early as 1886 Edward Judson proposed to erect in New York City a monument to his father, Adoniram Judson. He hoped to complete and dedicate it on August 9, 1888, the one hundredth anniversary of his father's birth. In 1888 he said:

My purpose is to erect a building which will not only preserve in beautiful and permanent form the memories of our early missionary history, but will also help to solve the pressing and difficult problem of what to do with the masses of people who are filling up the lower parts of our great cities, controlling our municipal institutions, and through the cities are determining the character of our country at large.

For seven years I have been in mission labor as pastor of the Berean Baptist Church in lower New York, beginning with almost nothing, and making use of a plain building situated at a very obscure corner. In spite of the great inflow of unevangelical population and the strong, constant drift of our members to more comfortable and respectable localities, we have had a steady and vigorous growth. Over six hundred persons have been baptized.

His marked success, with poor equipment and limited resources, might well have led him to this conclusion:

I think I have got hold of the right end of the tangled skein of that problem which burdens the minds of all thoughtful Christians, namely, the relation of the church to the masses of people which are filling in the lower portions of our great cities, and determining the character of our social and municipal life.

That others shared his feeling is evidenced by this tribute from the New York "Observer":

It would be difficult to find a church, large or small, rich or poor, in New York or out of it, so thoroughly utilizing every portion of its strength as the Berean Baptist Church. For a truly evangelistic spirit, and practical philanthropy, it may well be regarded as a model.

Doctor Judson's twofold purpose, to establish a memorial to his father and to meet the needs of a downtown field, met with immediate approval. The Chicago "Standard" said at that time:

We look upon Doctor Judson's enterprise as one having a national significance. The memorial of a missionary becomes what it should be, a lesson and example to us all.

Again, regarding the missionary enterprise, the same paper said:

Doctor Judson represents an idea which is as much a distinctive one in practical Christianity, and as hopeful of a new era in Christian enterprise and service, as was that of his father. In several of the large cities of the country, Chicago included, that kind of gospel for the poor which Doctor Judson so ably advocates, is just now engaging attention, while some by means of it are stirred to new activities. We are confident that Doctor Judson's visit to the West, and his stirring appeal in this behalf, will give a powerful and long-lasting impulse to this much-needed work in behalf of the neglected populations of cities, large and small.

In 1888, the site on Washington Square at the foot of Fifth Avenue was selected; the corner-stone of the Judson Memorial, one of the first institutional church buildings, was laid on the thirtieth of June of the same year; on February 1, 1890, the last service in the old church was held, after which services were held in the Memorial Hall of the new building. In May, 1892, the main auditorium was first used. The dedication was fittingly observed during the week of January 22, 1893. The first of the dedicatory sermons was preached by Doctor Judson on the text, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" (1 Sam. 7 : 12). He gave this interesting history of Washington Square:

In 1797 the city purchased ninety lots on Sandy Hill to be used as a potter's field. This patch of ground, in which for a

long time paupers were buried, became afterward Washington Parade Ground and more recently Washington Square. It contains eight acres; Central Park, eight hundred; Fifth Avenue extends from one to the other.

In this sermon he referred to the favorable location for bringing the rich and the poor together. He spoke of the distinctly memorial character of the building itself—a memorial to Adoniram Judson; the Children's Memorial Home, a memorial to Hiram Deats; the organ, a memorial to Mrs. Havemeyer. Others were memorialized in the exquisite windows designed by La Farge, and yet others by tablets. He characterized the building as a memorial to Adoniram Judson; as a place of worship; as a missionary institution standing against the up-town trend of churches; as a workshop for Christian work, educational, social, philanthropic; and as embodying wise endowment features, through the revenue-bearing portion of the property.

Some of the notable speakers of the week were the Rev. Henry C. Mabie, D. D.; Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., who spoke on "The Life More Abundant"; and the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D. The wide outlook of the church and its standing is indicated by the citizens' meeting on Thursday evening, when the problem of sickness was discussed by Dr. George F. Baker, pastor and superintendent of St. Luke's Hospital; the problem of ignorance, by President Seth Low, at the time president of Columbia University, later mayor. The problem of social alienation was to have been discussed by the Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, but Bishop Potter was detained through the death of Phillips Brooks, and sent a letter, which was reported by the New York "Examiner" as "full of sympathy with the Memorial Church, pastor and people; a more brotherly letter it would be difficult to conceive." Bishop Potter's place was taken by ex-Mayor Hewitt.

The series of dedication services was closed on January twenty-ninth by the formal dedication sermon preached by Rev. George Dana Boardman, D. D., and by a service of consecration in the evening conducted by Edward Judson.

The dedication program announced the following departments of work and worship: Sunday School, Church Choir, Junior Choir, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Union Choral Class, Nursery, Kindergarten and Primary School, Teachers' Class for teaching the International Lessons, Industrial School for Girls, Gymnasium Class, Memorial Home for Children, Tract Depository, Dressmaking Establishment, Ice-water Fountains, Flower Mission, Fresh-air Work, Memorial Young Men's Class.

The Rev. Frank Mason North, of the Methodist Church, an authority on city problems, now president of the Federal Council of Churches, paid this tribute to the wisdom of the selection of the Washington Square site:

The site for the Judson Memorial Baptist Church was chosen with much deliberation and great sagacity. Whether seen in the open or through the framework of the memorial arch, near at hand, where its careful workmanship declares itself to minute inspection, or afar, where the architectural lines reveal themselves in true proportions and its cross of light gleams above the city's darkness, the church is impressive and to every lover of heroic deeds is an inspiration.

The large auditorium, simple and rich in its adornment, is reserved for worship. Commodious rooms for kindergarten, clubs, gymnasium classes, library, dispensary, crèche, and large assembly-rooms for Sunday School and prayer services are amply provided and conveniently arranged. A temporary home for children has its fitting place in the very heart of the building, and on the western section of the property arises "The Judson," an apartment-house built in architectural harmony with the church and under wise management, yielding ten thousand dollars a

year, not for the ordinary expenses of the church, but as an income from a permanent endowment for its manifold educational, missionary, and philanthropic work.

This was Richard Watson Gilder's tribute to Washington Square and to "the cross of light that looms from the sacred tower" of the Judson Memorial. This poem was used frequently by Doctor Judson, with the permission of its author:

WASHINGTON SQUARE

This is the end of the town that I love the best.
Oh, lovely the hour of light from the burning west—
Of light that lingers and fades in the shadowy square
Where the solemn fountain lifts a shaft in the air
To catch the skyey colors, and fling them down
In a wild-wood torrent that drowns the noise of the town.
And lovely the hour of the still and dreamy night
When, lifted against the blue, stands the arch of white
With one clear planet above, and the sickle moon,
In curve reversed from the arch's marble round,
Silters the sapphire sky. Now soon, Ah soon,
Shall the city square be turned to holy ground,
Through the light of the moon and the stars and the glowing
flower—
The Cross of light—that looms from the sacred tower.

VI

THE SOCIAL PROPHET

Success and suffering are interrelated. If we succeed without suffering, it is because others suffered before us; if we suffer without succeeding, it is in order that others may succeed after us.—*Edward Judson.*

WHILE some, fired by a social passion, became agitators, lifting their voices in loud protest; while some sought by their pens to guide the social impulses of forward-looking men; and while others organized charity for its own sweet sake, Edward Judson sought by the radiating influence of a sympathetic life and by the wise organization of an understanding church, to make his contribution to human progress and to promote an understanding of God.

His soul had been cheered by his sense of spiritual fellowship with those like his father, who in foreign fields were interpreters of God by word and by deed; with those who in college settlements or in varied philanthropies of the great cities, were expressing their love for mankind; and especially with those who were attempting through the church to promote an understanding between men who had not learned to think of, nor to feel for, each other—these interpreters of man to man and of God to man. He was sustained both by his sense of achievement in his chosen task and by his sense of spiritual fellowship with all these pioneers of progress.

Those early years in lower New York had brought that sense of exhilaration that comes from substantial progress. Though filled with hardship and disappointments, they had been free from bitterness. As a social prophet

he had seen needs not yet felt by the church, and in the church he had seen latent possibilities. He had set out to meet these needs and to realize these possibilities. Because he was a prophet with a vision of the church's social task, which the church as a whole had not yet apprehended, because he had undertaken to embody this ideal in definite activities which had not received the sanction of missionary organizations nor the support of individuals, he was destined to become a suffering servant and to feel the poignant sorrow of unrequited effort.

Jonah found it difficult to yield to a modification of his own prophecy, however much to the advantage of Nineveh. Edward Judson as a social prophet had spoken to the church before the awakened social conscience had found expression in ameliorative effort. He would have that expression through the church. He said:

There could hardly be devised a more efficient philanthropic appliance for ameliorating the misery of a great town than the network of churches spread through its congested places, provided each church intelligently and profoundly interests itself in the cure of the social sores constantly exposed to its pitying eye.—“*The Church in Its Social Aspect*,” page 429.

But in response to his own and other voices men of quick sympathies and of good will organized philanthropies, but largely outside of the church, though they themselves were church-members.

The Charity Organization Society—a kind of social banyan tree—was propagating and relating a thousand different charities; social settlements, those neighborhood social touchstones, had come into being; the municipality had undertaken to relieve distress, to restrain the vicious, to remove the causes of poverty and disease, to treat child life in its physical and social, as well as in its intellectual aspect, and to give intellectual advantages to backward people, whether foreign or American.

This trend in philanthropic and charitable work away from the church was to Edward Judson a matter of deep concern. Indeed, it was one of his great disappointments. He was a "High-churchman" in organization of charity. He would have had the church not only inspire benevolence, but directly organize it, so that the most humble working man might be able to understand the sympathy of the Master. While he deeply regretted that the charitable and social activities of the city had not been related more closely to it, he cooperated with the newer agencies. Some years later he made this admirable statement:

The longer I live the more delight I take in cooperating with everything good that is going on anywhere near me. The church assumes its highest philanthropic efficiency by taking the humble part of an intermediary between the individual sufferer and organized relief. On the one hand, you have millions of dollars invested in charitable institutions, and, on the other, unclassified misery ignorant of the provisions made for its relief. I try to keep myself informed regarding all the endowed philanthropies of New York, and when an applicant for help comes to me at my office hour, I at once ask myself the question whether there is not some organized form of relief that can grapple this particular case more scientifically and efficiently than I, for I feel that the little temporary help that I am able to bestow is a small matter compared with my bringing the sufferer within reach of some organized relief of the very existence of which he was ignorant.—"*Homiletic Review*," August, 1909, pp. 94, 95.

Now that the philanthropies of the city had become organized, the church did not need to do what it had done in 1881. The Charity Organization had established a wood-yard; the city had its municipal lodging-house; hospitals had established dispensaries; the city, through the Department of Education, was supporting kindergartens. Almost every ache or pain to which humanity is heir had found its correlative in an institution, a society, or a committee. He felt it the duty of the church

to study the social need and "to feel its way like a ferry-boat entering into a slip," to find new opportunities rather than to duplicate the work of other institutions. "Imitiveness is the besetting sin of social workers," he said. He would not have that sin laid to his charge.

He had not failed to recognize "the fatal undertow" of philanthropy when conducted in connection with a church. He felt the disparity between such efforts and the spiritual results. He saw that the applicant for charity would almost certainly be aggrieved and the church disappointed if direct spiritual results were the chief consideration. He said:

No church that hoists the flag of relief has resources adequate to the clamorous requirements of poverty in a great town, hence bitter disappointment ensues. The applicants for relief feel that somehow they have been deceived. They have asked for bread and have been given a stone. . .

The minister who engages in social work in order to build up his own church is doomed to disappointment. The last church which a person desires to attend is the one where he sought relief and received it. We do not like to revisit scenes of past misery. I am inclined to think that institutionalism is a handicap to church progress. We are to bend with tenderness over social sores, even when we know that such occupation may, in the immediate future, impede, rather than promote, the growth of our church. . .

Our kindness to the people in the nature of the case inclines them to be hospitable to the spiritual message which we desire to impart. But if we are kind with such an end consciously in view, then the quality of our kindness is vitiated. We must be kind for its own sweet sake without any ulterior consideration, or else our kindness loses its essential character. Your church institutionalism must not mean being kind to people with a view to getting them to join your church. Are you kind to a horse in order to get him to join your church?—"The Church in Its Social Aspect," pp. 438, 439.

Doctor Judson felt that there still remained much work for the institutional church to do outside of its

earlier philanthropic activities. He helped to define the newer social task of the church:

So far as our work is concerned, we have religious services on Sunday and every week-night (including Saturday) summer and winter, and parallel with these religious services there is something going on every night in the way of physical, mental, and social self-improvement, as gymnastic classes for women and girls, gymnastic classes for men, gymnastic classes and clubs for boys, singing classes, sewing schools, children's hour with stereopticon and moving pictures, men's tea on Sunday night, young people's literary society, kindergartens, etc. These forms of social work we have gradually adopted as meeting urgent needs in our own individual field.—*Homiletic Review*, 1909.

The church itself should become socialized as a means to spiritual efficiency.

Take a single narrow case; an average New York boy comes to Sunday School once a week, and presumably receives a certain impression upon the religious side of his nature. Between the Sundays those impressions are washed away from his mind by the influences of home and street and school, and at the end of a long course through all the grades of the Sunday School, when the proper age comes for bidding good-bye to it, as to the day-school, his character is the same as at the beginning. The Sundays are too far apart efficiently and permanently to mold the child's character. But suppose every week you touch the same boy not only on a religious side in an effective way at the Sunday School, but often and regularly between the Sundays you reach him along physical, mental, and social lines by means of a children's hour, boys' clubs, gymnastic classes, and other recreative functions; his cynicism is gradually subdued, he comes to love and respect you, he feels that he has found a friend in you, new ideals spring up in his mind, and you are encouraged by seeing his whole spirit softened and conciliated.—*The Church in Its Social Aspect*, page 437.

In a personal letter about a month before he died he said: "What we want to keep in mind is the socialization of the Sunday School, by which I mean the shoring up of each department by some weekly social function." In a still later letter he said: "I see how important all

this social work is as it brings the young people within our spiritual influence."

In Doctor Judson's own writings, then, there are delineated the two fairly distinct conceptions of church institutionalism; on the one hand, the church as a congeries of philanthropic institutions dealing with men primarily on the physical and social sides; on the other hand, the socialized church which multiplies points of contact, in the faith that there is a contagion of godliness. While Doctor Judson saw this, he did not entirely pass from one stage of this development into the other. In his discussion of "The Church in Its Social Aspect," he gives this striking illustration which is as much in line with his earlier views as with his later conceptions, and does not as clearly state the social tasks of the church as the quotation above:

The social forms through which the church expresses its sympathy and compassion are like the soft tentacles which some creature of the sea stretches out on every side in order to explore the dim element in which it swims, and to draw within itself its proper food. The church needs just such organs of prehension with which to lay hold upon the community about it. The institutional church is a kind of tentacular Christianity.—*"The Church in Its Social Aspect,"* page 430.

In so often reverting to his earlier thought of the church as a congeries of philanthropies and in appraising his work from this view-point he was always disappointed, not to be able, on the one hand, to measure up to the demands of the poor, and, on the other hand, to secure adequate spiritual returns. His own prophecy of word and deed prepared the way for the later development, though it was not in direct fulfilment of his prophecy, and was indeed a divergence which caused him pain. Unquestionably the organization of charitable work is promoted by centralization; it is both more

scientifically efficient and perhaps more economical (though it has to build new plants while the churches are too much idle). On the other hand, there are serious losses. No agency can soften the hand of charity like the church. The suffering poor have no such aversion to the church as to a hospital or to a dispensary which they fear as they do the morgue or the potters' field. "Charity which suffereth long, and is kind," when organized needs to be translated into "love," for no poor person who is the recipient of charity ever thinks of it as either long-suffering or kind. Besides, charity that does not kindle to new endeavor deadens the moral sensibilities. It is at this point that the church is best prepared to serve. The therapeutic value of charity is apt to be negligible. Moreover, by surrendering its great opportunity to alleviate suffering the Church has eliminated another point of contact with those classes from which it has become estranged, just as it forfeited a great opportunity when one hundred years ago it surrendered to the State the schools which it had built up. When the State has become more democratic and the democracy more Christian, the isolation of the Church from the masses now intensified by such social changes will not be so marked.

It is not often that a financial struggle, even to establish a great cause, has general or permanent interest; but in Edward Judson's effort through long years to build, to develop, and to preserve the Judson Memorial there was so much of voluntary sacrifice, and such a play of feeling, flashing up like heat-lightning on a summer's night, that the whole struggle took on a romantic aspect, and elicits interest something like Saint George's fight with the dragon. Moreover, the shaping of his character through struggle and suffering, and his failure to realize his social ideals cannot be understood without some appreciation of this stress. It was a favorite expression of



CHURCH DISPENSARY

DOCTOR IRWIN AT THE RIGHT. ONE OF THE FIRST CHURCH DISPENSARIES IN NEW YORK

his, that "Too much finance asphyxiates the soul." It never asphyxiated his soul, but it did interfere with the soul of his church coming to its fullest expression.

The appeal for funds to build the Judson Memorial was sent broadcast throughout the land. Thousands of Sunday School children were asked to give ten cents each. Seven hundred and sixty-nine Christian Karens in Burma contributed in token of "their unspeakable obligation to Adoniram Judson for introducing the gospel" into their country and for "giving them the Bible in the language of the people."

The years spent in raising money to build the Memorial had none of the disappointments of the effort to free the church from debt and to provide means for its development. No sooner was the church dedicated than the struggle began. In 1891, for the first time in his ministry, Doctor Judson was compelled to make an urgent appeal to members of his church for *additional* contributions, for "in passing from the old church into the new the expenses have necessarily advanced from \$300 to \$500 a month." Though his resources were too scanty for the work in hand, though compelled to make wide-spread appeals for his philanthropic and missionary work, it was not until he had raised the last of the mortgage indebtedness of the church (\$150,000 in 1907) that the financial burden began to cut most deeply. Mr. John D. Rockefeller contributed \$40,000, and the balance of \$110,000 was secured largely on the annuity plan—the church agreeing to pay from five per cent to seven per cent to each donor for moneys "contributed" so long as he should live, and in many cases an equal or a smaller amount to a second annuitant. Though the debt was paid the annual charges were increased. Thinking that the debt had been canceled, some outside donors reduced their contributions. In 1908 Doctor Judson wrote:

Yet in spite of my best wisdom in expenditures, and although, beginning with April, I have cut my own salary \$119.44 a month so that now I am only receiving \$200 per month, and although I have besides turned into our treasury \$1,500 which I earned by lecturing at Union Seminary, and \$1,333.33 paid me for professional work at Hamilton, and have besides raised all I could among my friends, a deficit impends which is costing me very great effort to meet.

He attributed this financial condition in part to the removal of a large part of his church constituency and the coming in their place of Italians and other foreigners, or in short to the fact that the field had assumed a more distinctly missionary aspect. While he was occupying the chair of Homiletics in the Chicago Divinity School, the board of trustees of the church felt compelled to write him that the church was running behind at the rate of \$6,000 per year, and that he alone could save the situation. He returned and raised the money, but when the property was turned over to the New York City Baptist Mission Society in 1914 there was a large deficit, the accumulation of years of struggle. The most of this deficit he was carrying at the time of his death by his own personal notes, discounted at a bank. These notes had to be renewed from time to time, causing no little mental discomfort.

Few men have had the art of making such financial appeals as did he, yet the necessity that lay back of them is pathetic. Who would not be pleased to receive such correspondence as this?

Now you see how long an epistle your sympathy has evoked. I hope you will forgive me, if I am boring you. But I really needed to unburden myself of this "perilous stuff" that has occupied my mind too long and too exclusively for my mental health and comfort, and if it does you no harm, *you* have greatly helped me in letting *me* tell you about this rather complicated situation. I know that you and your dear brother have too

many of other people's financial burdens already to carry, without putting your shoulders to my chariot wheels, which seem to be driven "heavily" like those of the Egyptians in the Red Sea. But your sympathy and counsel, as well as his, are inexpressibly prized by me, and while I see no way in which you can lift us out of our perplexities, it has already done me a lot of good to write you this letter, and it will make me very grateful to think that we have a place in your hearts.

In writing this particular letter he made this interesting observation on the reason for the last financial strain which resulted in the transfer of the property to a missionary society:

Mr. Rockefeller for a long succession of years contributed \$3,000 a year, holding on so long that I wondered he didn't get tired. But the last few years he has dropped off in spite of my best persuasions, he having inexorably committed himself to the policy of helping individuals and churches only through recognized denominational agencies. I have reason to believe that he let go of me reluctantly, and that I was the last of the Mohicans under his old régime. But for all that he was the third leg of our tripod, and from the time that he ceased to support we have had a deficit of from three to five thousand dollars a year, so that now we have a floating debt (if it only would float) of nearly \$15,000.

At the beginning of his ministry in New York he depended largely on the benevolence of his friend, Mr. John H. Deane, to supplement the small amount which his church could raise; later he relied upon the equally generous support of Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

He did not undergo this storm and stress for lack of other opportunities which would have brought generous remuneration. The voluntary element in his sacrifice heightens its quality.

He had a deep conviction that it was bad economy to center religious effort upon the more favored classes, neglecting those who needed the church most; that it was

Not good strategy to focus the heaviest artillery upon the weakest point of the enemy's lines, but that the most beautiful churches should be placed among the homes of the poor, so that it would be only a step from the squalor of the tenement-house into a new and contrasted world.

For these reasons and because he was building a memorial to stand, not for a generation, but for centuries, like some noble cathedral, he built what architects have called the finest piece of church architecture in New York City. "Did you not know," said a prominent New York artist to the writer, "that the Judson Memorial is the handiwork of the three greatest American artists—Stanford White, architect; St. Gaudens, sculptor; and La Farge, who designed the windows?" It is more than a memorial; it is more than fine architecture. It was one of the very first churches built in America for social ministry. It is churchly, built for worship; institutional, built for ministry; revenue-bearing, built to stay. It embodies in itself a well-appointed hotel to serve as a limited endowment for the philanthropic and missionary work of the church—not for ordinary current expense—a distinction which Doctor Judson always made.

He was convinced that such a church must have an endowment or its work would be insecure. With prophetic insight he was building, not for a day, but for generations. He said:

If a church is embedded in a community which is predominantly Christian in its spirit, where there exists an underlying consciousness that is responsive and congenial to evangelical truth, then there may be no need of an endowment. The ordinary appliances of religion—the Sunday preaching, the Sunday School, and the midweek service—may suffice. Enough decent churchgoing people will naturally stream in to meet the expenses of the establishment. If, however, the church is situated in a community the inner consciousness of which is heathenish and antagonistic to the gospel, there will spring up the necessity of an endowment.

The building of such a plant for social and religious work was in itself a big undertaking. The cost of the land and buildings at the time of the dedication was approximately \$400,000, of which \$150,000 had been expended on the hotel portion of the property—in the nature of an endowment. This expenditure was increased later to \$573,305, principally in the enlargement of the Judson Hotel, the erection of the Children's Home at Somerville, New Jersey, the purchase and improvement of the Judson Hotel Annex, and for other property investment. Because he was undertaking a type of work which had not yet approved itself to any considerable body of churches or number of individuals, he was unable to raise adequate funds by direct gift. Of the amount expended in the property, \$358,858 was secured on the annuity plan, involving very heavy annual charges. This seemed to Doctor Judson the only way of raising so large a sum.

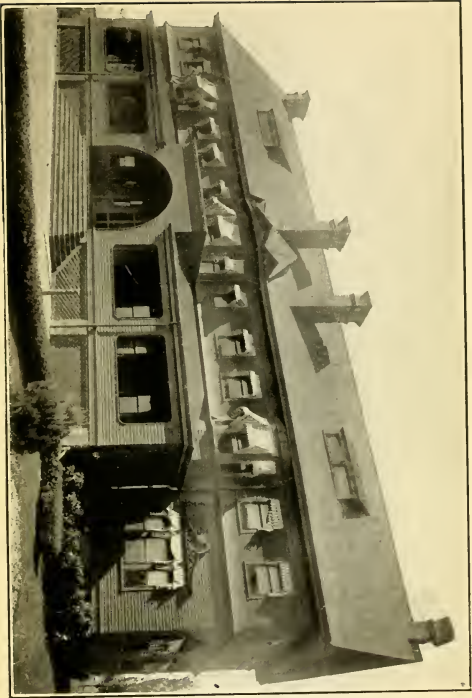
A second fundamental difficulty which he had to face was that he was appealing for current funds to a constituency which had not yet drawn the distinction between a church which is embedded in a community predominantly Protestant and a church located in a community that is "heathenish and antagonistic to the gospel." Christians of no communion had come to recognize the religiously neglected "down-town" city district as a challenge to the church. The prevailing unsympathetic attitude is rather painfully reflected in the following letter which Doctor Judson received from the pastor of a suburban church who, in his cruel frankness, expressed the attitude of thousands who withheld their support:

And now that I have the opportunity, let me frankly say what some of my people have urged me more than once to say and what others feel. Grand as is the work of the Berean Church in New York, broad as its scope, and beneficent as are its

charities, we regard the enterprise as purely local, and feel that like other local enterprises it ought to depend for support upon its own field. One or two of my own people have felt slightly annoyed by appeals for your general work.

As a pioneer Doctor Judson had gone beyond the convictions of his denomination as registered in the policies of its missionary societies, for such an organization is inevitably conservative, being responsive to the convictions to which the majority of the supporting churches have been brought, unless indeed it is led by a pioneer strong enough to bring the denomination to his support. Edward Judson attempted to raise a standard, but he had to raise it alone with only an occasional Aaron or Hur to stay his hands. The failure of the denomination to give Doctor Judson adequate assistance in his severe struggles did not deter him from presenting to the local denominational organization, the New York City Baptist Mission Society, the accumulations of his life of missionary effort, embodied in the Judson Memorial Church, hotel, and children's home, costing \$573,305, valued by him at \$750,000, though encumbered at the time of the transfer with an indebtedness of approximately \$167,000. He often said that the life of an institution is longer than that of a man. For this reason institutions become social conservators.

It was not until the ideals for which he had striven had percolated into the consciousness of the denomination and been accepted by it, that it became possible for his church to receive support through any denominational organization. That day did not come, unfortunately, until his strength had broken. He had hoped to receive the personal support of well-to-do people living in the suburbs or up-town, but was largely disappointed. "So many have left my side," he said, "that I find myself when I part with persons in the street, unconsciously taking a



MEMORIAL CHILDREN'S HOME

long and lingering look at them lest I should not see them again."

Moses did not live to see the children of Israel enter the promised land, but that land was entered. The experiences in the wilderness then came to their fruition. That faith which Edward Judson had in the ultimate triumph of the good and to a hardly less degree in the institution to which he gave the best years of his life, has come into fruitage since his death in the enlargement of the work itself along the lines inaugurated by him and in the preservation of the property of the Memorial Church. As these pages go to press a fund of \$300,000 is being raised through the free-will offerings of many thousands in nearly every State in the Union to free the church from debt—a task already largely accomplished—and to perpetuate the work of Edward Judson. Had this popular response to his prophetic call come a score of years earlier, his life might have been spared and the ideals for which he struggled have found an earlier and perhaps a larger embodiment.

These words of Edward Judson are prophetic of the triumph of the ideals for which he stood. In the lines of Matthew Arnold he foretold his own martyrdom, nor did he cease to charge till he had fallen "by the wall."

When the glowing lava of thought has once grown cold, having crystallized itself into mischievous institutional forms, it is hard to melt it all over again and start anew. That is why a single lifetime is usually inadequate to the task of carrying through a reform. At least two lifetimes have to be spliced together. As Matthew Arnold states it:

"Charge once more then, and be dumb;
Let the victors when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall."

VII

INTERPRETER OF GOD

Religion is imparted by social infection. It is one of the secrets in that change of mental poise which has been fittingly named conversion, that to many among us neither heaven nor earth has any revelation till some personality touches ours with a peculiar influence subduing us into receptivity.—*Edward Judson.*

THESSE pages have been devoted mainly to a portrayal of Edward Judson's contribution to educational, social, and religious progress as teacher, writer, pastor and preacher, and social pioneer and prophet.

During the working period of his life, a span of almost fifty years, from graduation from Brown University in 1865 almost to the day of his death, on October 23, 1914, he was busily employed as principal of the Leland Seminary at Townshend, Vermont, from 1865 to 1866; as instructor and professor at Madison (Colgate) University, from 1866 to 1873; as pastor of the North Orange Baptist Church, from 1874 to 1881; as pastor of the Berean Baptist Church and its successor, the Memorial Church, from 1881 to the time of his death.

The last year of his life was marked by singular providences. "One of the pleasures of growing old is that we see our past life in perspective. We become aware that, all unconsciously to ourselves, it has been shaped toward definite ends by our heavenly Father's molding hand," he once said.

Nineteen hundred thirteen was the centennial year of the beginning of his father's mighty achievement. He joyously participated in the festivities. His presence

was desired at the centennial celebration in Burma, but the conditions of his health forbade. The Rangoon "Gazette," on Friday, December 12, 1913, gave this record of the meeting of Wednesday the tenth:

At this point the Rev. W. H. S. Hascall read a cablegram which he had just received from Dr. Edward Judson in New York, the youngest son of Doctor Judson, sent on December tenth. It read, "Centennial greetings: Revelation 11 : 15." The reading was received with cheers. The chairman then read the verse referred to in the cable, which reads: "And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever."

At the precise hour of this service there was held in the Memorial Church in New York City a service of prayer and thanksgiving, conducted by Edward Judson. The Rangoon "Gazette" records that on Thursday afternoon:

Previous to his address, the chairman read the following drafted reply to the cablegram received from Dr. Edward Judson on Wednesday, which is as follows: "Dr. Edward Judson, New York City, greeting: 3 John 2." This verse reads: "Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." The meeting unanimously approved of the sending of such a cablegram.

Doctor Judson had among his cherished keepsakes the original of this cablegram. There was also published in Rangoon an extended letter from Doctor Judson, for as Doctor Hascall wrote on December 13, "We thought all should come into personal touch with you at this time."

The friends of Edward Judson desired an opportunity to break the alabaster cruse of friendship and esteem. Under the leadership of the Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., the Rev. J. Madison Hare, and others, such an opportunity was afforded to a host of his friends. It took

the form of a dinner held at Sherry's, New York, December 18, 1913. The Brooklyn "Daily Eagle" on the nineteenth gave this report:

Coincident with the Judson centenary celebration in Burma, which began several days ago, a dinner was given in honor of the great missionary, Adoniram Judson, and to pay homage to his son, the Rev. Edward Judson, for more than thirty years a prominent pastor in Manhattan, in the great dining-hall of Sherry's, Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, last night. Brooklyn, Manhattan, the neighboring cities—Philadelphia, Boston, and other New England places—and cities far away were represented in the diners, ministers, and laymen and laywomen. Altogether, five hundred sat down.

Every mention of the name of Judson brought forth applause.

Sitting at the guest-table were: Bishop David H. Greer, representing the Episcopal denomination; the Rev. Frank Mason North, secretary of the Foreign Mission Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, representing the Congregationalists; the Rev. U. G. Wenner, representing the Lutherans; Dr. Robert E. Speer, one of the secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church; and the Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D. D., secretary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

Doctor Woelfkin read letters from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Supreme Court Justice Hughes, and the Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., President of Brown University.

At the close Doctor Woelfkin paid a tribute to Dr. Adoniram Judson and to his distinguished son, and presented to the guest of the evening a purse of \$1,000 in gold. Doctor Judson responded briefly and feelingly to all the kind words said about his father and about himself, and closed the dinner with prayer and benediction, the large company joining in the Lord's Prayer.

This was regarded as the most significant social event in Baptist circles within the recollection of those who attended. That this tribute of affection was warmly appreciated by Doctor Judson was shown in a characteristic remark after the dinner. The writer expressed the hope that the evening had not been overtaxing. He replied, "This is not the kind of thing that kills men."

Unfortunately, he had experienced too many of those things which do kill and too few of those which this dinner supplied.

The following evening a more informal service was held at the Memorial Church, when his friends spoke without restraint of their love and appreciation. At this meeting, on motion of Mr. D. G. Garabrant, of Bloomfield, New Jersey, the appointment of a committee was authorized to ascertain what could be done to relieve Doctor Judson of the financial strain which was shortening his life. (Reference has already been made to the work of this committee.)

Following the celebration in Burma, and culminating in the centennial in Boston, in June, 1914, scores of centennial meetings were held, at which Edward Judson gave notable addresses on his father's life.

The culmination of the Judson Centennial Celebration was on June 24 and 25, in connection with the annual meetings of the Northern Baptist Convention held in Boston. On Wednesday afternoon, the twenty-fourth, the important session was held. In introducing Doctor Judson, President Henry Bond said:

We love him for what the name stands for that he bears, we love him for the blood that he has in his veins, and we love him for what he is himself—Dr. Edward Judson, of New York.

In the official report is this record of the "ovation to Edward Judson":

This was the signal for such an outburst of recognition as is seldom witnessed in any gathering. The supreme moment of the celebration had come. If Edward Judson ever doubted whether the denomination appreciated his character and spirit, his devotion not less persistent than that of his father to the cause in which he believed, and his eminently lovable qualities, he could have no doubt of it from this hour. He had been greeted with great applause when he first came to the platform;

but now, as he rose and stepped to the side of the president, he received an ovation. The congregation rose, gave him the Chautauqua salute, cheered; then, after sitting down, broke into wave after wave of applause, so that all he could do was to stand there and smile . . . overcome with a feeling of wonder at such a tribute . . . to his father, of whom he was the special representative by reason of his calling and work. How simply he began, yet how characteristically, when the people gave him a chance to be heard. You will read the address in full elsewhere, but the opening words may well be given here also:

“President Bond, Brethren, Sisters, Fathers, Mothers, Young Men and Women who are going as missionaries, you Veterans who have returned from distant fields,

“‘Hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.’

“I count it the supreme honor and joy of my life to be permitted to speak a benedictory word on this historic occasion under the auspices of the Northern Baptist Convention in the presence of this assemblage of representative Christians gathered from all sections of our great land to pay a tribute of affectionate remembrance to my father, Adoniram Judson, the first American foreign missionary.”

When Doctor Judson had concluded, the audience again expressed its appreciation of the address and affection for the man. When a pause came, President Bond said:

Doctor Judson, would that I could give you some adequate conception of the appreciation of this audience, and not only of this audience, but of the Baptists from the Atlantic to the Pacific, of the lives of men like your father and yourself. But until the books are opened, it can never be known, and when the record is read there, then can be understood, and not until then, our appreciation of the life of these men.

The Rev. Frank M. Goodchild, D. D., of New York, in his convention address said:

The only celebration of the Judsons' doings that is much worth while is that we shall resolve to finish the work in Burma which they so heroically began, and for which in wearing out their lives they “gave the last full measure of devotion,” and

that we thus determine that those souls "shall not have died in vain."

And we might well supplement that by resolving before God to make perpetual in lower New York the work which Dr. Edward Judson has so well begun as a memorial to his father.

At these meetings Doctor Judson was elected Honorary President for life of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society. Doctor Judson's friends were profoundly grateful that he lived to receive these altogether sincere and thoroughly deserved tributes.

Already the dark shadows were beginning to settle. The Northern Baptist Convention, at its meeting in June, had taken cognizance of the serious illness of Mrs. Judson, and had sent Doctor Judson a note of sympathy. The writer chanced to be at Doctor Judson's Hamilton home one evening in May, 1914. Returning that night from a trip in the interest of his work, Doctor Judson found that Mrs. Judson had been ordered by her physician to New York. She was never permitted to return. As late as the sixth of August he wrote to the writer: "Yes, Mrs. Judson is getting along a little better. We still hope to see her here before the summer is over." That hope was never realized, for Mrs. Judson passed away on September 20.

Mrs. Judson was a woman of refined tastes, keen intellectual ability, quick but rather restrained sympathies, fine social feeling, and very deep reserve. In the small inner circle in which she was known she excited a remarkable admiration. From personal acquaintance with her the writer can appreciate the truth of the following tribute written after her death to Doctor Judson by an old friend of both:

I admired Mrs. Judson greatly, and I have never ceased to admire her. I remember the brilliant flashes in her conversation, not infrequently edged with satire. I remember how individual

her opinions were, and how vigorously she defended them. I remember her unswerving loyalty to her friends. I remember how invariably she took up the cudgels for the under-dog. I remember how unsparing she was in helping a friend in need. . .

Mrs. Judson exerted a powerful influence over me. Few people that I have met in this world have influenced me so powerfully. Possibly Mrs. Judson would be surprised to know this. And her influence did more than I can tell to broaden my horizon and enlarge my understanding of life. . .

Mrs. Judson possessed one of the most intensely individual personalities that I have ever known. It was a personality like attar of roses in its intensity—and, to me, in its charm.

She entered heartily into the educational and social work of the church, particularly that which aimed to benefit women and girls. Year after year she played the piano practically every night at the Daily Service of Prayer. She directed the sewing school and the large gymnasium classes for women and girls, which were among the most successful educational experiments undertaken by the church.

Perhaps it was because Doctor Judson's body was so keenly responsive to his soul that gradually the burden which he could not carry, but which he would not lay down, took its toll from his strength.

After Mrs. Judson's death he endeavored to take up his appointed tasks, but his whole manner was marked by a deep depression which was not characteristic of him. He remarked to the writer one day while walking across town: "Well, I suppose you feel that I am rather pessimistic these days; perhaps the woods will do something for me." Soon after he sought the seclusion of Temogami and Emerald Lake—fifty miles from the nearest approach of civilization's busy carriers. Like Antæus, he had learned to renew his strength by contact with nature. When, on the nineteenth of October, a letter was received, closing with "I found a good deal

of resiliency growing around in the woods and brought some home with me," the writer felt that Doctor Judson had in mind his earlier remark, and that he had found what he sought.

At a luncheon conference on Tuesday, the twenty-first of October, he was optimistic and his outlook was hopeful—nature's solitude had been his soul's solace. He talked of his plans to develop his own work and to assist in raising the fund to free the Judson Memorial from debt. The only anxiety he showed was in connection with the floating indebtedness of the church—the renewal of certain notes. With characteristic graciousness he urged the writer to meet him each day if possible at the Judson Hotel for luncheon, but it was his own last luncheon there. That afternoon he presided at the regular monthly meeting of the New York Baptist City Mission Society, of which he had been president for five years, and offered the closing prayer. This was his last public religious service. The following day he attended a luncheon meeting of the Sigma Chi. He closed the discussion of the paper of the day with these familiar words:

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

As he spoke he was smitten with a heart attack. On Friday he rallied, but suddenly passed away.

A simple inscription marks the resting-place of his earthly tabernacle in the ground consecrated by the prayers of thirteen devout men—the little college burying-plot on the hill back of Colgate University at Hamilton, New York. His real monument is the beautiful structure on Washington Square at the foot of Fifth Avenue, New York City. Built by him as a memorial to his

father, it is a memorial to the son, expressive in its architecture of his artistic soul, in its endowment features of his practical sense, in its facilities for ministry of his social passion, and in its central thought of worship of his devotion.

Doctor Judson is survived by his two daughters, Sarah Elizabeth and Margaret, the latter of whom has held the position of dean of women at Denison University, and is at present associate professor of English in Vassar College. He is survived also by his brother Henry, of whom Doctor Judson at the Centennial in Boston said:

The oldest of the three babes left in Burma was my brother Henry, three years older than myself. We had hoped that he could be with us to-day. I hold in my hand the ticket admitting him to this platform. But sickness imperatively prevented his coming. Indeed, he was permanently disabled while fighting under the Union flag in the Civil War.

The fitting tribute to Edward Judson at the Judson Centennial in Burma, the recognition dinner in New York City, the ovation at the Centennial in Boston, and the enthusiastic welcome of scores of churches were more than marks of esteem for the son of the honored pioneer of foreign missions. They were loving tributes paid to one who had achieved a noble character and done a notable work—a work as distinctive as that of his father—a recognition that he had to a high degree reincarnated those attributes which in Christ the world first learned to call Christian; that he had indeed succeeded in his main life effort to be a Christian, and to that degree had glorified those qualities through which, in Christ, God had made his supreme interpretation to man; and that thereby he had become an interpreter of God.

Edward Judson saw that the incarnation is the divine concession to the inability of man to comprehend the



EDWARD JUDSON

teaching of God as revealed by seers and prophets, and to enter his presence when led only by priests. He saw that those qualities which we have come to know as Christian virtues—the teachable spirit, the spirit of humility, the forgiving spirit, the spirit of simplicity, transparency of life and motive, compassion for suffering, and the essential oneness of human life—could be demonstrated only in life itself; that the divine method of demonstration was by the incarnation of God in Christ—the transformation of humanity by divinity; that the “Word became flesh,” that “God was in Christ,” that we have a Christlike God.

He saw that in communities in which the knowledge of the supreme incarnation of God in Jesus Christ has been obscured by an elaborate ritualism if not totally lost in blind traditionalism, where sacramentarianism has displaced religion, there the incarnation must be made intelligible by a *reincarnation* of the teachable spirit, the spirit of humility, the forgiving spirit, the spirit of simplicity, and the spirit of sympathy; that the spirit of Christ must become flesh and dwell with man; that men must become “complete in him,” interpreters of God through Christ; that the “marvel of the mystery of the incarnation of God in Christ” must be “repeated in human history and experience.”

To him the incarnation was fundamental. This is brought out clearly in his lecture on “The Religion of Matthew Arnold.” He said of Matthew Arnold:

He missed God, revealed to us in Christ, who is declared by the apostle to be the express image of the divine Person. Cannot such a God be verified by experience as truly as a God that makes for righteousness? The incarnation, if we once accept it, is the resolvent of all anthropomorphic difficulties. “I believe in God, and in prayer, but not in Christ.” To what do you pray? Without the incarnation we worship only a creature of our own

manufacture. We cannot conceive of any being above man, just as a dog can only think in dog terms. To him a man is only another dog—the leader of the pack—an elongated dog. The evidence of this is that when he is gnawing a musty bone and you approach him, he will growl, thinking that you want his bone. If we try to imagine an angel, he is, after all, only a man with bird's wings. And so, when the heathen make a god, it is either a man or a beast or a conglomerate of the two. Why then does it seem strange that God should foreshorten himself within the range of our comprehension, that we may approach him in prayer? Christ in his own life and character transcends the largest conception of the divine which the human mind can form. In molding bullets you put lead into an iron ladle, and liquefy it over a fire. Then you pour the molten mass into a small mold. Some of the lead fills the mold, some overflows, and falls on the floor, while some still remains in the ladle. Now, if you will, form the largest conception you can of Deity—a being infinitely wise, strong, and loving—and then using this conception as a mold, if you pour into it the historic character of Jesus Christ, just as he is described in the four Gospels, you will find that it will more than fill the mold full. "If you believe in God, believe in me."

The great fact of the reincarnation of Christ in man is fundamental in church institutionalism. "Only a life which has been hid with Christ in God can communicate spiritual energy." The wealth of an institutional church is not its equipment, nor indeed its material income, but the wealth of personality invested—lives "hid with Christ in God" in contact with needy ones.

Edward Judson's first concern was to make a success of *himself*, to incarnate in his own life the Christ spirit; to become in some degree an interpreter of God.

His intimate talks with his students revealed the high standard which he had set for himself as a Christian minister. His lecture notes are given with here and there a word substituted, to complete a sentence, because they form a kind of autobiography—a more familiar picture than the writer would have ventured to give.

THE MAKING OF THE MINISTER. EDWARD JUDSON'S
LECTURE NOTES

The minister's symmetrical self-development, with a view to social expression, and efficiency in service is the general theme of this course of lectures. Christ's character and purpose fixed for him the minister's highest ideal.

Christ's nature was intensely social.

"A being not too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food."

He was not a student. He resorted to frequented places; loved to be jostled by the crowd; took his promenades among the fishing-smacks along the shore of the Lake of Galilee. He loved to mingle with working men and little children.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

"Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef."

He was the originator of a social organism—not an author, not an artist, not a philosopher. His disciples were his family—his book. There is both difficulty and joy in producing a social organism, in making our thoughts objective, in freezing our thoughts into metal.

Bergson makes a fine distinction between joy and pleasure: the artist makes money and has pleasure, but his joy is in creating.

The *essential ministry* is characterized by spiritual helpfulness. According to a Hindu proverb, a young plant should always be protected by a fence from the mischief of goats and cows; but when it once becomes a big tree, a flock of sheep or a herd of cows may find shelter under its spreading branches and fill their stomachs with its leaves.

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

“And he was dear to men; for he befriended them all,
Living in a house by the side of the road.”

Every Christian is a minister, or one in the making. There is no such thing in the Scriptures as holy orders; the universal priesthood of believers is taught. There is infinite mischief in an organized priesthood. There is crying need of a lay ministry. Much of the work we do could be done by laymen, and will finally be done by them.

The *technical ministry* is dependent upon the essential ministry. There is need of intelligent response and cooperation from the pew. The tendency is to make technical ministers of intelligent and consecrated laymen—exhausting the pews in the interest of the pulpit. One should enter the technical ministry only under pressure, having the “woe is me” feeling.

The minister is a leader in the church; he tends “the flock of God which is among you, exercising the oversight, not of constraint, but willingly, according unto God; nor yet for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as lording it over the charge allotted to you, but making yourselves ensamples to the flock” (1 Peter 5 : 2, 3, R. V.).

The man is more than his work: “If any man’s work shall abide which he built thereon, he shall receive a reward. If any man’s work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved; yet so as through fire” (1 Cor. 3 : 14, 15, R. V.).

There should be a symmetrical development of our quadrilateral nature. “And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men” (Luke 2 : 52, R. V.). Do not have the weakness of a one-sided development. The rounded man counts most in modern civilization, a man who has no soft spots. Great results are achieved by combination. Individualism belongs to a lower civilization.

In the ministry there is opportunity for self-development with an altruistic end. At first blush this is a refined selfishness; but the highest egoism and the purest altruism are identical.

The minister should have bodily health. Christ was a carpenter. He ate simple food—fish, bread, olives, wine. He lived in the open air, and took long walks. There is no mention of his having any sickness. The body nailed to the cross was a sound, healthy body. He held the body in honor. He condemned asceticism. He did not regard the body as a clog. *Flesh* does not mean muscular tissue, but the evil nature; the *world*, not this beautiful

earth, but men and things opposed to God. Let us not always say:

“Spite of this body to-day,
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole.
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry: All good things
Are ours; not soul helps flesh more now than flesh helps soul.”

The strains of ministerial life are severe. They involve: Keeping appointments, racing from one engagement to another; climbing stairs, taking long walks, catching public conveyances. There are occasions of special excitement. Calmness comes from health. Crystals dissolve in the slow acid of time. Outlive your competitors and opponents. Success resides in longevity and good behavior. Fret not thy gizzard.

The conditions of bodily health are first, food. We are what we eat. Seek food that contains all the elements needed for repairing the waste tissue. Alcoholic stimulants give no nourishment and prod the heart. Total abstinence is the only safe course. Eat enough, but not too much. There is danger both of being ill-nourished and of overeating. Have a diet for each day.

Ventilation is vital. Ventilate your room after study and before going to bed. Breathe through the nostrils. If you find your mouth open, get right up and shut it. Look out for intake and vent. In building a church, provide ventilatory apparatus.

Cleanliness is essential. Take time to be clean. Be well groomed. Learn the relation of teeth to health, public speaking, and social life. Clean hands are noticeable. Give attention to nails (in private). Keep hair neatly trimmed and brushed, and a healthy scalp.

Take exercise once a day for symmetrical development. Take time for play and for fun.

Social health is important, for religion is imparted by social infection. Cultivate social charm. Other things being equal, your power in winning souls will be measured by your capacity to inspire affection and respect. Get people to love you if you want to do them good. Independence is a condition of social health. “Not that I speak in respect of want; for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therein to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know also how to abound; in everything and

in all things have I learned the secret both to be filled and to be hungry, both to abound and to be in want" (Phil. 4 : 11, 12, R. V.).

Do not be an incubus or a leaning tree. One of the besetting sins of the ministerial life is to think that the world owes us a living, that we can pay board by good behavior. It is such an attitude that leads many to consider that the ministry is not a manly profession and that makes our good unpalatable. The beneficiary system is justifiable, but it tests the moral fiber. Being exempt from wage-earning toil leads to the impression that one is an object of charity. Such an impression must be lived down. Contract for salary, but be grateful for favors and reciprocate. Do not take the attitude that "the world owes me a living," but rather "I will make myself indispensable." Do not lean on others, but let others lean upon us. But the extreme of independence, on the other hand, alienates. It makes people love us when we permit them to do things for us. In this we may follow the example of Jesus who let people do things for him. Avoid debt.

Association with refined people is essential to social health. No one will tell us our social faults. We must follow the law of imitation. We unconsciously become like those with whom we associate. Cultivate acquaintance with the most refined people of the town. Give some evenings to society. Cultivate some social accomplishment. Associate with women, refined women, but not to the exclusion of men.

Courtesy—kindness in little things should be habitually exercised. Refined manners should be cultivated at home and abroad—in the parlor and at the table and everywhere; scrupulous observance of the countless little conventionalities that make up civilized life; tender regard for the feelings of others, especially of those of low degree; a nice sense of honor that keeps without fail every promise and engagement; such deference for others that one will not monopolize the conversation, or always talk shop, or tell old or pointless or vulgar or irreverent stories, or speak unkindly of the absent, especially of our brother ministers; these are some of the constituent parts of that personal culture without which our public homilies are apt to fall upon unresponsive soil.

Attention should be given to pulpit manners. The manner in the pulpit should be marked by deliberateness. There is value in pauses; speaking to those farthest away; have neither stiffness nor lounging; sit with legs uncrossed; stand erect without air

of defiance, one foot behind the other; look people in the eye for the inspiration of it; have an attitude of conciliation, a pleasant look, not a threatening aspect, nor too solemn. Keep a sweet temper, even when there are disturbances in worship, baby crying, whispering, a person coughing, people coming in late, or people falling asleep. Acquire the gift of praising instead of blaming.

Spiritual health is dependent upon communion with Christ, abiding in the consciousness of the presence and love of Christ; not our love to Christ, but his love to us. "Grow in the grace and the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The grace of Christ and the knowledge of Christ constitute the soil in which we grow like a plant. Grace is the love of a superior to an inferior—a love that comes down. Grace is love extended to one who not only does not deserve it, but has done much to forfeit it. By dwelling in the consciousness of this love and becoming more and more acquainted with Christ, as friend with friend, we grow. The Holy Spirit is Christ himself present to the believer. "I will not leave you orphans: I come unto you." Christ is the human spirit's guardian angel. It requires imagination for us to be aware of the presence of a Being whom we cannot see with the eyes of flesh. But the imagination has facts to work with. There can be no religion, or even morality, without imagination. How can a man keep the Golden Rule without imagination enough to put himself in the place of the other man? Spiritual health is conditioned upon our habitually abiding in the consciousness of the presence and love of Christ, dwelling in him, as the tiny goldfish in its watery environment, or a branch in a vine, or a slave in the master, or a wife in a husband.

Abiding in Christ is the very core of religion—not orthodoxy, not philanthropy, not ritual, not organization. Like a prisoner in the dark cell, who hears the kind, reassuring voice of the chaplain in the room above, who says, "I will stay here as long as you are confined in the dark cell." The darkness then seems all dispersed.

Edward Judson sought systematically to develop his whole nature—physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual. Though a sickly babe deprived of a mother's care, a delicate youth entrusted to strangers, he grew into strength of physical manhood with a body splendidly developed

and disciplined to obey a steady will. Diet and exercise were reduced to a kind of daily ritual. He was fond of outdoor life, delighting in the canoe and the camp, loving to fish and to hunt, and to take vacations, not at a seaside resort, but in trackless wilds, in nature's solitude. Regarding his physical strength his brother, Dr. Adoniram Judson, made this statement a short time before his own death:

Through boyhood and early manhood his bright mind, personal attractiveness, and strong ambition easily made him a welcome leader. He was never deficient in physical examination. In many observations with the spirometer, an instrument for determining the capacity of the chest, I never found any one to excel him. Zealous in sport with rod and gun, each season found him on the trail in the wild woods.

His social health was reflected in his perfect urbanity. He had social charm and ease of manner under every circumstance. His delicate attention to small matters of personal habit enhanced his personal attractiveness. He avoided economic dependence. Early in life he resolved to live on a little less than his salary, and always did so, but he never allowed himself to become involved in business matters for personal gain. Like a surgeon, he kept his hands antiseptically clean—to use one of his own illustrations. At one time he declined the opportunity to make an investment of a modest sum which gave promise of large future returns—a promise more than justified by later events. He was scrupulous in all financial matters. All funds for the church and its varied missions were acknowledged, deposited, and drawn upon by a chartered public accountant, the paid treasurer of the church, and all business affairs of the church were under the guidance of a lawyer of recognized standing who gave his services without remuneration. Doctor Judson voluntarily remitted to the church his earnings from his

teachings, his lectures, addresses, and occasional sermons, aggregating some years as much as his salary.

He found delight in social intercourse. He was a member of the Century Club, the Philothean Society, and the Sigma Chi, both of the latter organizations of clergymen. In college he joined the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity. He took special pleasure in college associations, but his principal social enjoyment was found in his family circle and in his church. Few men have been more habitually kind than he—to his associates and personal friends, but no less to the lowly. He observed his own teachings in matters of courtesy.

He had remarkable capacity for friendship. Ever a welcomed guest, men liked to have him near; he radiated good cheer and cleared the air for a good outlook. The "Watchman-Examiner" said of him:

We doubt if there has been a man among us during the past generation so universally loved and respected as Doctor Judson.

Dr. William M. Lawrence, almost a lifelong associate, gave this testimony and characterization:

Probably no name and no face were more familiar to the Baptists of America than were the name and face of Edward Judson. Nor need this statement be confined to the denomination of which he was so eminent a representative. He was known and beloved by thousands of people connected with other churches.

He loved the birds and brooks. He loved the fields. He loved the solitude of the woods. He loved the sports. He had a keen relish for the heart of nature. Even the birds seemed to know him. Animals were fond of him. He loved men, but he loved the creatures God brought into the world to be the companions of men. I used to think that his mirth was never more free and his wit was never more apparent than when he was petting some animal that had made its home on his grounds.

Doctor Lawrence has said also that he never knew Doctor Judson to speak unkindly of another minister, that

because of his wholesome influences he was especially welcome at his family table.

Delicately refined in his manner, observant of social conventions, keen in understanding, tender in sympathies, quick in service, concealing his heart throes, these words of which he was fond may be applied to him:

But thou wouldst not *alone*
Be saved, my father! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing: to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

We know of no one whose life more expressed the sentiment: "Life is neither a pain nor a pleasure, but a serious business which it is our duty to carry through and terminate with honor." He had large capacity both for pain and pleasure, just how large only his intimate friends could know, but neither took him from his appointed course. With all his gentleness of manner, social charm, scholarly diversions, and delight in quiet retreats, he never forgot the serious business of his life, which he carried through and terminated with honor.

He was mentally industrious and exact in his scholarships. He was always a student, whether in daily language study; in university classroom, following a wide range of thought; with magazine writers, the best of whose works he carefully filed; or in a study of the poets and hymn-writers, of whose work he had a discriminating appreciation. While not musical, he knew the best composers of church music, and industriously cultivated the use of classical hymns.

Progressive in thought, he was irenic in spirit and never destructive in criticism. He felt the necessity of reconciling changing human thought and varying human experiences with the eternal realities, even though this should involve a keen mental struggle and sometimes a spiritual anguish. He said, "There is hardly any mental pain so exquisite as to feel long-cherished belief slipping out of your grasp."

His faith was vital, growing out of a living experience. He said:

The true orthodoxy consists not so much in trying to hold with limp and trembling hand a whole vast system of tenuously articulated dogmas, as in realizing for one's self in a deep and personal way the few essentials that lie at the very center of Christianity, leaving the rest to come along in time as corollary. Faith is not cast; it grows. . .

The better way is to seize upon a few central truths contained in Christianity that seem sweetly reasonable, such as the existence of God and his beneficence, as even Renan puts it in one of his last lectures: "One thing only is certain; it is that the fatherly smile at certain hours shines across Nature and assures us that there is an eye looking at us, and a heart which follows us." God's Fatherhood, especially as personalized and envisaged in Christ, makes good material for a working hypothesis of life, and we soon learn to relate it to other Christian truths, as shipwrecked mariners, marooned on some desert island, lash logs together into a rude raft that bears them up as they push out upon the open sea. Faith is the disposition

in the realm of religion to act upon probability. There can be no such thing as mathematical demonstration in religion.

He was robust in his spiritual health. His knowledge of Christ was the soil in which he grew like a fruitful plant. His life was "hid with Christ in God." He took time "to be holy" in the true sense of that word. He had peculiar joy in regarding the recorded words of Christ as spoken for his own personal guidance and consolation. He seemed ever conscious of the reassuring words of his Lord. He built his life upon his daily Bible study and private devotion. On the basis of a triumphant faith he had the poise and serenity of spirit attributed to the stars by these well-known lines:

Unafrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silver'd roll;
 For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul.

He became to a remarkably high degree the fulfilment of his own ideals. Personality has an elusive, subtle quality which is more difficult to describe than a sunset. His associates in the Philothean Society, one of the ministerial clubs in which he was long a member, gave this estimate of his character and work:

In noting the death of Dr. Edward Judson, Philo desires to put on record its high estimate and affectionate appreciation of his character and career. An honorary member of this circle at the time of his death, October 23, he was an active member for many years, faithful and regular in attendance and contributing much to its pleasure and profit. He was a man of phenomenal amiability. Inheriting a name which would have won for him honor, respect, and distinction, he added to it by

his own fine qualities of mind and heart. He had a temper serene, gentle, and modest; a spirit kind, courteous, and cordial; and a disposition genial, sweet, and lovable in the highest degree. He was affable and gracious in manner, generous in sentiment, sympathetic and catholic in his judgments. He drew all hearts to him, and commanded in a peculiar way the admiration and love of all who came in contact with his winsome and attractive nature. He had an intellect keen and brilliant, a mind well trained and richly stored, full of quaint but apposite allusion, poetic thought, and shrewd insight. His style of speech and writing was simple but extremely felicitous, abounding in apt quotation and picturesque description, happy characterization, delightful surprises, and striking phrases. He was full of humor, which played over the surface of his thought like heat-lightning in summer, but like that heat-lightning it never harmed the object illumined by its flash. He was a man of deep religious faith, holding tenaciously to the few fundamental truths of Christianity, which he gripped all the more strongly because they were few. The word saintly in its best sense was appropriate for his character. Coming to this city in 1881, he founded and built up a strong and influential church in the lower part of New York, in which the evangelistic and philanthropic agencies went hand in hand. He may justly be called the *father of the institutional church*. In the face of many obstacles he succeeded in establishing an organization of Christian enterprise along many diversified lines, which was in many respects unique, and which has been the model and inspiration of many institutions of a similar character throughout our country. Take him for all in all, Edward Judson was a remarkable man, and we shall not soon look upon his like again.

The Sigma Chi, another organization of prominent clergymen of several communions, whose meeting was honored by his last public appearance, thus expressed his genius for fellowship:

We bear our grateful tribute also to his genius for friendship, of which every member of the Sigma Chi had so rich a share. However heavy his own burdens, he was ever ready to bear the burdens of others. He was such a true comrade and loving counselor. His kindness and courtesy, his tact and gentle humor, his grace from God and faith in his fellow men,

not only sustained him under trials and amid difficulties that would have overborne others, but made him true yokefellow with all whose loads but for him had chafed them and whose trials had discouraged them.

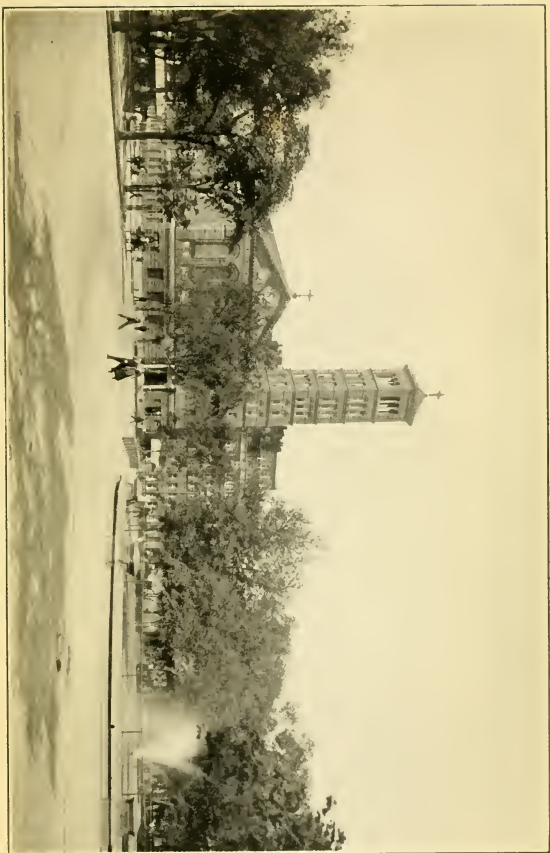
In his address at the Centennial in Boston Edward Judson, in acknowledgment of his debt to his father's life and influence, said:

The sainted dead sway our lives more profoundly than when they are with us. In the hours of perplexity we keep asking what they would do were they in our place. I have often thought that my father's influence upon my life has been greater than it would have been had he been spared to me through these years.

The outstanding characteristics of the father were reproduced in the son; the same attention to health, food, and dress; the same social nature, expressed in the son, but restrained in the father; the same fondness for linguistic and literary pursuits; the same aptitude for teaching; the same loyalty to conviction and unreserved commitment to a task; the same buoyant spirit, unconquerably youthful to the end; the same pertinacity of purpose and dogged determination; and the same sustaining faith in the heavenly Father.

His mother's influence upon his character was hardly less marked. Those who knew intimately both Edward Judson and George Dana Boardman say that there was a stronger resemblance between the half-brothers than between Edward Judson and his own brothers. His appearance, his manner, his artistic sense, his gift for organization, as indeed his scholarly tastes, were inherited quite as much from his mother as from his father.

This closing chapter does not give opportunity for a restatement of his significant service. Through the old Berean Church—perhaps truly called the first institutional church; through its successor, the Judson Memorial—the



THE JUDSON MEMORIAL

creation of his own indomitable will; through his writing; and by his conspicuous example Edward Judson, perhaps more than any other man, helped to check the rout of the Christian church from America's greatest storm-centers, the down-town city fields. He led the church from a disgraceful defensive into an aggressive offensive. The inspiration of his example has gone out from lower New York to every city and town where similar conditions are confronted; where, because of the flux of the population, the inflow of foreigners, the outflow of the older American stock, the congestion of business and multiplication of pleasure resorts, the church has found itself bereft of support and outside of the sympathies of the people who jostle past its doors. He struck telling blows where blows had been hectic.

The impact of these blows was widely felt. President Faunce, of Brown University, in a letter to Doctor Judson, once said:

The work you have accomplished is in no way to be measured by the work within the walls of your church. You have set an ideal for hundreds of young ministers; you have helped them to rise above the tendency to seek charming suburban pastorates; and have made them ambitious to stand on the firing-line. The influence of your work in New York has been felt in every city and town in the country.

The Rev. William M. Lawrence once wrote him:

I want to put here on paper what I have said to you frequently and to your family. I regard the work you have done as the greatest that has been done in our country for our denomination by any man. Absolutely unselfish in its initiation, characterized by self-denial, wisdom, wonderful patience, mingled with gentleness and courtesy and consideration, you deserve to succeed, and if you had failed, the disappointment would have been yours, but the disgrace would have been the denomination's.

He was one of the first men of outstanding ability to attract the attention of the church to the neglected

down-town city communities. By the gift of himself as by the quality of his service, he dignified the task of city missions. He prepared the way for the Christian church, especially for churches located in communities where there has been no preparation for the gospel through quiet personal influence of Christian friends and neighbors, to use every opportunity for sympathetic personal contact in the profound faith that there is a contagion of godliness. He taught the church to recognize that holy living begets holy living, that there is an incarnation today, and that only through it can God in Christ be made intelligible or the lives of men redeemed. By his example and by his teaching he led the church to multiply its points of contact, through social, educational, and benevolent ministry, to bring Christian men and women into daily touch with needy lives. In all this he saw that the reliance of the church is not upon *method*, but upon the power of God working through Christian men and women; that to the degree that an individual worker is the incarnation of his Master will he succeed and the church in which he works be a power. In this manner may a church, and may a Christian worker, become an interpreter of God.

Though a scholar, and with the scholarly determining the main current of his life; though a teacher, and with the persistence of the teacher governing all that he did; though a preacher of rare ability and finding his deepest joy in his pulpit, he made his greatest contribution as a prophet of the social mission of the church and as an interpreter of God to the downtrodden and neglected in the congested quarters of America's greatest city, where for thirty-three years he bore the "burden and the heat of the long day," nor wished "it were done." It was there that he lived the most significant years of his life.

At wedding-feasts in humble homes he became the incarnation of joy; at the cradle of a household's new hope he incarnated faith in a life abundant; in the first taste of sorrow he incarnated the divine compassion; in a young man's struggle for life preparation against bitter odds he incarnated resolution and fixity of purpose; in the pinch of poverty he brought succor to weakened bodies and courage to impoverished souls; in sickness that had become embittered by want and terrified by the helplessness of dependent loved ones he became the embodiment of human sympathy and divine solicitude; and in the hour of death his hand became the compassionate, guiding hand of the Master; for he was an interpreter of God.

It was his opportunity to live where "voice and vision came no more"; where thousands had known no life in which the spirit of Christ was incarnate; where the church had become a memory or a mockery; where men endured the dull pain of sorrow nor dreamed that there could be a cure; where some souls were sullen and others sodden. In such a community, this man of regal rights, the culmination of generations of culture, the finished product of the schools, the incarnation of sympathetic understanding, the embodiment of gentleness and strength, came *to live*. For once the church, despite her reluctance, gave her best to the neediest.

When Edward Judson gave up his attractive North Orange Church and became pastor of a struggling downtown mission interest, men said, Why should this man of exceptional power give himself to such a work? Why this waste? When for thirty-three years he held to his task, though called to the presidency of colleges, sought by strong churches, and lured by professorships, men said, Why this waste? When the heavy burdens began to break his rugged physical nature, and he began to die a

slow death—a death mercifully sudden in the end—men said, Why this waste? When that incarnate life became celestial, humble folks came to pay their tribute of appreciation and of love—the rich, the learned, the cultured, the influential, were there, because they too loved him—but in greater numbers the poor and the ignorant, those without standing or influence, Americans, Italians, Negroes; a poor woman, whose husband had deserted her and her helpless children; a woman who had had a life-long struggle with poverty, yet had kept herself pure and her soul sweet, and whose children and neighbors called her blessed; an illiterate truck-driver who, in the midst of his dull routine, had found life joyous; an Italian, in whose heart hate that had prompted to murder had given place to light, life, and love; a great company of those who had found in him their only hiding-place from the wind, their only covert from the tempest, their only shadow of a great rock in a weary land. When all these met in that churchly structure, an expression of the art of masters and of the soul of a social prophet, a landmark that those hands, now still, had reared, no one asked, Why this waste? To the *people* he was an interpreter of God.

It shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee!

See the Christ stand!

—*Browning.*

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